

WILLIAM BOOTH, FOUNDER.

GENERAL, BRAMWELL BOOTH

# The WAR CRY

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS.  
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LONDON, E.C.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA EAST  
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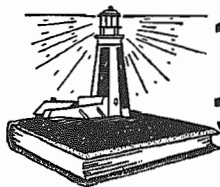
TORONTO 2, AUGUST 27th, 1927.

WILLIAM MAXWELL, Lieut.-Commissioner



THE MAN WHO WOULDN'T CLIMB.

(See page 4)



# Rays from the Lighthouse

THY WORD IS A LAMP

## STRENGTH FOR THE DAY

"Take...no thought for the morrow," said Jesus, "for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Eile three hundred and sixty-five panes of transparent glass one upon the other and try to look through them. What do you see? Nothing but ink blackness. Take from off the pile one pane, and look through it. Now what do you see? You see everything that is in sight. Thus you face the year with its three hundred and sixty-five days piled one upon the other—all is darkness. But if each morning you take off from the pile of days the one which comes enabled to see your duty clearly. Do today's duty. "Trust Him for to-morrow, and peace will keep your heart and mind."

## SIN DEEPER THAN THE OCEAN

"God's love is deeper than sin," writes Dr. J. H. Jowett. "One night when I was crossing the Atlantic, an officer told me that we had just passed over the spot where the Titanic went down. It is too far down for the power of man to recover.

Then I thought of all the human wreckage engulfed and sunk in the oceanic depths of sin. Very far down. But not too far down for the love of God! "He descended into hell," and He will descend again if you are there. "If I make my bed in hell, behold Thou art there." "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." "He bore our sin," then He got beneath it.

And there is no human wreckage lying in the ooze of the deepest sea of iniquity that His deep love cannot reach and redeem.

## POUND NOTES FOR TWPENCE

Not long ago a well-known man stood for some time on one of London's busiest thoroughfares, offering genuine £1 Treasury Notes for sale for twopence.

For many minutes he haggled passers-by to purchase, but of the thousands of people who passed him, only two were wise enough to accept his amazing offer.

Thus it is with the Salvation of Christ. Jesus stands with outstretched hands offering to the world His treasury notes of Love and Mercy—free—"without money and without price."

Strange it is that the great mass of humanity treat Him and His wonderful offer with such appalling indifference.

If there is fire in the soul, there will be sparks in the speech.

The way to reach the Christians is to proclaim the Christ.

## WHAT IS HAPPINESS?

YOU CAN HAVE HAPPINESS SPRINGING UP WITHIN YOU AS INEVITABLY AS SPRING WATER COMES FROM THE HEART OF MOTHER NATURE

FROM the day that he turned his back upon the Garden of Eden man has been engaged in a search for happiness. Sometimes it is a frenzied, reckless race, as if he would overtake what would seem to have outdistanced him on the Road of Life. At others he goes into the marts, there to pay his uttermost

there, man, individually, has walked into the way of happiness; but as a race, no; and the lesson of the successful is lost upon the disappointed crowd; the mass will not follow the example of those who have found that in which they may participate also. The fact is, there is but one means; but many seek to formulate other and new prescriptions; thus laying up for themselves the certainty of failure.

To nurse grievances against your fellows, your circumstances, or your God, is to render the search for happiness the quest of the impossible. Yet there are many who seem ever to bear a grudge against all law, order, and method—beginning with Creation—until now. To seek outside one self for this experience, to introduce it as by a formula, to take it as a medicine, to apply it as a salve, to sniff it as a perfume, to don it as a dress, to espouse it as a cause, with the object we have in mind—all of this, or any of it, is doomed to failure. Happiness is not a thing outside of us, it must come from within.

Jesus said, speaking to the woman of Samaria about the Water of Life, it should be in a man as a well, springing up. And that is how happiness must come; which explains why in a search everywhere in vain, while they transport themselves to all parts of the world in futile seeking. The pity of it! The secret is within reach all the time, within themselves, and their eyes roam to and fro in all the earth, away from themselves, to look for happiness, miss it!

Outside things, in fact, can make but little difference to the true happiness which is born of being tuned aright, for happiness spells harmony. It feeds a fountain of kindness and generous feeling towards all men; it comes from restored relations with

## SUMMER VISITORS



Where is your house built—in the swamps of sin, where the death-germs breed, or on the wind-swept, health-giving mountains of righteousness?

pence in vain effort to purchase this much-to-be-desired thing. In unremitting labor or by means of idest indolence; following Spartan purity, or through miasmatic swamps of pestilential and abandoned vice; in soundless solitude or midst gayest crowds; in one land or in many; through age after age; by every means which human ingenuity, evil suggestion, or noble inspiration could devise, man has devoted himself to the task of discovering happiness.

Has he found it? Yes, here and

(Continued in col. 4, page 11)

## MIRACLES! MIRACLES!! MIRACLES!!!

### HOW THEY ARE ACCOMPLISHED

By what power is a drunkard and profligate changed into a sober and useful member of society? By what power is a harlot transformed into a pure woman? By what power is a dope-fiend, lost to every sense of decency, changed into a normal, helpful, useful man or woman? By what power is an atheist or an agnostic transformed into a believer and lover and servant of God and of Christ? We see these things happen. Whence the power? It is only of God through Jesus Christ.

## THE FAMILY CIRCLE

To assist in the promotion of Christian fellowship at the evening family circle, we suggest the use of the Bible portions and comments here given. Any converted member of the family should audibly read the portions after the verses finished, and before the members disperse for the pursuits of the evening.

Sunday, August 28th—Matt. 11:1-10.

John's wavering faith disturbed his peace of mind and rest of soul. He acted wisely in having his doubt settled straightway, and by the Saviour Himself. He soon received unmistakable proof that his fears were unnecessary, and his faith well-founded. How much happier most of us would be did we "Never doubt in the darkness, what we know to be true in the light."

Monday, August 29th—Matt. 11:11-19.

A friend once suggested to a great soul-winner that he must feel greatly honored of God in seeing so much fruit for His labor. "I do not look upon it in that way," was the reply; "I sometimes think God must have been looking for some one small enough and weak enough for Him to use, so that all the glory might be His, and that He found me."

Tuesday, August 30th—Matt. 11:20-30.

We cannot wonder that the publicans and sinners crowded to hear the Teacher who uttered gracious invitations such as this:—

"Come unto Me, ye weary, And I will give you rest! O blessed Voice of Jesus Which comes to hearts oppressed! It tells of benediction, Of pardon, grace and peace. Of joy that hath no ending, Of love which cannot cease."

Wednesday, August 31st—Matt. 12:1-8.

We are seldom able correctly to pass judgment on the action of others. We know so little of their inner thoughts and motives. "In judging others, a man laboreth himself; he always laboreth fruitfully." (Thomas a Kempis.)

Thursday, Sept. 1st—Matt. 12:9-21.

When the Saviour came to earth, human life was of little value. Men and women were bought and sold, and put to death as if they had been mere animals. Christ has taught us the true value of human life, so that every one for whom He died becomes precious to those who love Him.

"That more may Thy Salvation see, We dedicate ourselves to Thee."

Friday, Sept. 2nd—Matt. 12:22-30.

And He knows ours to-day. We can sweep back our words that people may know little of our true selves, and perhaps think us better than we are. But the Lord knows our thoughts. Have you thoughts which trouble and distress you? He can take them right out of your heart, and help you to keep the door shut against their return.

Saturday, Sept. 3rd—Matt. 12:31-37.

Let us never forget that the things we say are often beyond our recall. Years after some thoughtless word is spoken, we may discover that it has made a whole life unhappy, or ruined the peace of a household. We do well to bear in mind, "If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue... this man's religion is vain." (James 1:26.)

# SOME STRAY REFLECTIONS ON HOLIDAYS

## What kind of a Vacation does one the most Good?

By SISTER MRS. MERLE HAMILTON



RE holidays really necessary, after all? When one thinks of the fuss and confusion of getting ready, of disappointments in the weather, of the defects of some lodgings (and some landladies), of intelligible acquaintances, made, of the expense of launching upon a full-blown holiday with suitable holiday attire, and the pecuniary embarrassments following, one feels that there is something, at least, to be said for the choice of certain old-fashioned people who prefer to take their holidays at home. Tim Linkwater, you will remember, did very well in London without a holiday at all.

"I'm not going to sleep in the fresh air," said Tim,—"no, nor I'm pretty thing at this time of day, certainly. Pho! It's forty-four year," continued Tim, making a calculation in the air with his pen, and drawing an imaginary line before casting it up, "forty-four year, next May, since I first kept the books of Cheeryblye Brothers. I've never slept out of the back attic one single night. There's the same mignonette box in

### SEEN THROUGH A WINDOW FRAME

True, the window is not a large one, but what a world of beauty is bounded by its borders, and what joy the reflections seen bring to the lookers-out!

It is a high-up window, and faces towards the southern sunrise, and in the early morning when we enter, the sunlight dashes through the glass, and softens the outlines of furniture and hooks, giving a warm tone of welcome to all. Every few minutes of the day the reflections change. At times it seems as though a soft, bluish-grey curtain had been hung, hiding from our sight all that lies beyond. And then, in perhaps a minute or two, the veil is lifted and we look on a clear, blue, shiny world that seems to have been carefully cleaned and polished.

It has a great fascination for us, this ever-lasting picture, at this time of year especially. The other day a high wind was blowing and towards evening the window view was wonderfully beautiful. Rows of cumulus clouds trimmed the blue sky, hennaed down in the foreground by a band of green and brown. Steel-grey in color was the wind-whipped lake that dashed up against the shore, throwing high into the air the filmy, transparent clouds of spray. I felt that no one could ask for a more striking and truly glorious picture.

Are there any pictures more beautiful than these? We are inclined to think not. Where, oh, where could we find anything on canvas to equal in beauty and form and color, the masterpieces exhibited every day, and seen through a window frame?

the middle of the window, and the same four flower-pots, two on each side, that I brought with me when I first came. There ain't—I've said it again and again, and I'll maintain it—there ain't such a square as this in the world. There's not such a spring as the pump under the archway. There's not such a view as the view out of my window; I've seen it every morning before I shaved, and I ought to know something about it. I have slept in that room," said Tim, sinking his voice a little, "for four-and-forty year; and if it wasn't inconvenient, and didn't interfere with business, I should request leave to die there."

A well-known divine says he knew an old minister who never, during his life of eighty years, took a holiday. "When I take a holiday," the old man used to say, "I take it at home." And so he did. When the season came round he merely slackened his work as much as possible and gave his time to pursuits that pleased him.

But I'm afraid the race of non-holiday-makers is becoming extinct. Almost everyone in this day of intense living feels that he must have a change of scene occasionally. "In another atmosphere, with other surroundings," writes a modern essayist, "things gradually assume their true proportions. We see that we have disquieted ourselves in vain. We see that there is more pleasure in our lives than we thought. The mind recovers itself and begins to act aright, and when we come back again the effect of the holiday is to send us gaily through months of work which might otherwise have become burdensome."

May we not thank God for holidays — a breath-space for our faculties; — and perhaps add a Te Deum of our own to John Oxenham's galaxy of "We thank Thee's"?

The question is, however: What kind of holiday does one the most good? Certainly not a holiday of sight-seeing and long journeys; but, personally, I favor the quiet holiday,

the do-nothing-think-nothing holiday, with next to no conversation, being content simply to be outside and to dream in the sweet Summer air, steeping one's self in sun. In time, one may, of course, become weary of the balmy breezes, the still water, the sleepy hills, the incessant sunshine, yet upon return to work one finds that the springs of his being have mysteriously replenished themselves, that his daily task is no longer a drab, colorless affair, but has assumed a homely lustre of its own, and that he awakens each morning with a pleasant anticipation of what the day may bring forth.

It is perhaps a delight for those whose circumstances allow the like, to take foreign holidays with congenial friends, viewing the "seven wonders," and generally sampling the world's high things; but sad to say these holidays leave one exhausted.

I have been charmed by reading David Grayson's account of events and "adventures" of certain quiet pilgrimages on country roads. One Spring morning, very early, he slung his knapsack over his shoulder, emptied his pockets of "filthy lucre," waved adieu to the pigs and cows and hens and horses at his heels, and set out upon a pleasant country road to wander whithersoever it led.

"Harriet," he said to his sister upon his return, as he sat on the porch and reviewed the adventures that the open road had brought him "It grows more wonderful every year how full the world is of friendly people!" So he called his book "The Friendly Road"—surely a road every

## 'WARE VACATION LURES

### A SIMPLE RULE WHICH WILL PROVE A DEFENCE

66 I'M ON FURLOUGH. I'm on holiday, now—and so—. Well, you know, one must have a change when one is on holiday. At home it is different. We are busy all day on Sunday as Bandsmen or Songsters. We have the practice during the week, and frequently there are one or two meetings besides. Yes, one is glad of a change!"

Christians was brought together and a new church erected, which functions to-day. That was old-fashioned furloughing! Yes, it was God-glorifying, and soul-winning for Jesus.

I have the habit of rising early to read my Bible and pray; on holidays I do the same. I enjoy the rest of the day after such a beginning. When one wears some sign of being

## HOLIDAYS



Tired eyes, tired hands, and weary heart and brain—  
How they rejoice from fretting cares set free;  
Free to refresh each flagging sense again  
With God's sweet air that blows from hill and sea;  
To cast the shackle of the daily round,  
For larger liberties where joys abound.  
But there are eyes more tired than yours and mine,  
Whose hot lids have not felt the up-land breeze,  
Which have not seen the far horizon line.

Where heaves the rotund bosom of the seas;  
God let these tired eyes some newness find  
Within the limits of their daily grind!  
Some added sweetness to the dreary task  
Of baking, washing, and a thousand things,  
That grim monotony may drop its mask,  
And small annoyances may lose their stings;  
That these tired hearts which feel so worn and old,  
May find the dreary grey outlined with gold.  
—Margaret Scourton.

One hears some such conversations now and then, but the great question is, how can one get the most profit, while on rest for the spirit, soul and body? Dear old Commissioner Railton once spent his honeymoon at Felixstowe on the East coast of England. The fire was burning in the soul of dear Railton. He soon found some kindred spirits, and held meetings. There was a gracious outburst of soul-saving, and others were baptized with the Holy Ghost. A new Mission was started, a Hall was built, and after a time the more earnest begged The Salvation Army to take them over, and to-day we have a fine Corps in Felixstowe, of which no one need be ashamed.

The Army Founder went for a holiday with his newly-wedded wife to Guernsey. He held meetings with such a result that a fine body of

a Salvationist, whether it be a shield or a piece of Army ribbon, it is easier to avoid the worldly ways and crowds. Besides, if one be really in harmony with the Lord, the temptation for these things is easily resisted.

I was much pained at a certain Corps when dealing with a Band-youth who had been suspended for going to a certain place of entertainment. His reply was, "When I was at ———, I went to a certain house of amusement, and there, sitting by me, I saw a certain Salvationist. Well, if he can go when on holiday, why cannot I?"

One has not far to look for the results which can attend a little shunning off during holiday times. A simple rule has guided my life for nearly forty-three years: What would Jesus do? It works! Try it! It will help you.—J.C.

Salvationist of The Army of the Helping Hand travels every day of his life!

My own holidays have been rather like that of the Cockney milkman who wished to take a day off, and spent his holiday going around with the new man to show him the route. One of my memories is of a Sunday spent at a country Corps, participating in seven or eight Open-air on a broiling July afternoon, when the drum comprised the Band, beaten by the Sergeant-Major, who comprised the Soldiery, while the Captain, after singing the solos and "preaching the sermon," left her supporting column upon the street corner, and mopping her brow, helped to take up the collection.

# ON KING'S SERVICE IN TWO HEMISPHERES

COLONEL GASKIN, A "FIRING LINE" VETERAN, WHO HAS SEEN FORTY-TWO YEARS' SERVICE AS AN ARMY OFFICER, IS INTERVIEWED BY OUR SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE

AS MENTIONED in last week's issue of THE WAR CRY, Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin have come to Canada to spend the years of their retirement, being warmly welcomed on their arrival at the Union Station, Toronto, by the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Henry, on behalf of the Commissioner.

The knowledge that Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin are in Canada, will revive memories of bygone days in the minds of thousands. Officers will recall times when their words of advice were not only timely, but perhaps vital to them in some season of spiritual distress. Soldiers and friends all over the Territory will remember the helpful meetings they conducted; and one group of Officers will live again the months when, as their Training Garrison Principal, the Colonel did so much to develop in them the character which has helped them to be soul-winners since. If a personal reference can be allowed, the writer of this article will never forget an address he heard given by the Colonel in Halifax, many years ago, on "The Fundamentals of our Faith"; it was just the right word at a time when the wrong word might have had disastrous results.

But, while many will recall the Colonel's years of service in Canada, few indeed will realize how many and varied have been his labors as an active Officer from the day he tremblingly received his first commission in 1885 until the day of his retirement in 1927. It has taken constant study and toil to develop the young Cadet, who came to London from Kogworth, twenty-two years ago, into the Army leader and executive who faces retirement today, but whose vigorous frame still laughs at the thought of old age.

On behalf of the readers of THE WAR CRY, I asked the Colonel to give me a brief outline of his Army career, just a glance at the high lights. He didn't refer to any ancient note-books, but fresh from his memory gave me a list of all his appointments, and in most cases the date of each.

He was converted at the little English town of Kogworth, in Leicester, as the result of a testimony from the lips of a saved drunkard; he immediately became an active Soldier, and soon a Local Officer, and when he left home for the Training Garrison, in London, he was the Corps Sergeant-Major.

After a period of the strenuous training which was customary at that time, he made a tour with a "Cavalry Corps" van—a horse-drawn vehicle used for reaching the scattered villages of an English countryside, establishing Corps and Outposts wherever possible. This was soon followed by an appointment to his first Corps in a little Lincolnshire village; and in three years from the time he left home, he was in charge of Camberwell Corps and Training Garrison in South-east London. Then came Manchester, Brighton, and Man-

chester again as Divisional Young People's Secretary, and Sheffield as Chancellor.

In 1891, he was sent to Stratford to establish a Training Garrison, and command the Corps connected with it, and one year later was made Divisional Commander for North London. His next appointment covered a variety of duties; he had oversight of the Central London Division, and was General Secretary for the London Province and the

ence during those years has placed The Army in Canada in his debt beyond possibility of payment.

When the "Empress" disaster dealt The Army in Canada its staggering blow, the Colonel was appointed Chief Secretary, and during the months which intervened before the appointment of another Territorial Commander, it was on his shoulders that the burden of administration fell.

When Canada had well-nigh come to regard Colonel Gaskin as a fixture, a sudden turn of The Army wheel carried him to Switzerland and Italy as Chief Secretary, for what he speaks of as several very happy years.

His work there was followed by a serious breakdown in health, and a period of enforced rest in Canada. On his recovery he filled the position of Training Garrison Principal at Toronto for one Session before being attached to the Staff of the Foreign Office at International Headquarters, after which came an eminently successful and happy term as Commander for Scotland.

His last marching orders were for Southern Australia, where he served as Chief Secretary successively to Commissioners Richards and Whatmore, and where for thirteen months, pending the appointment of a Territorial Commander, it again fell to his lot to shoulder the dual responsibilities of Chief Secretary and Territorial Commander. And now, after forty-two years of active Service, Colonel Gaskin is back in his beloved Canada.



Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin



Training Garrison, of which Commander E.C. Booth was in charge and Commissioner Higgins, the Chief Secretary.

In 1896, he came to Canada as General Secretary, and for twenty years his career was woven into the history of The Salvation Army in this Dominion. As General Secretary, Provincial Commander and Field Secretary, he rendered service the value of which can only be reckoned in the currency of Heaven. The accumulated worth of his influ-

## Called to Higher Service

**BROTHER BOND,**  
CHATHAM, ONT.

Brother Bond, an old and well-loved Soldier of Chatham, Ontario, has passed to his reward. This comrade was formerly a Soldier at the old "Circus Corps" at Bristol, England, and was for many years a Welcome Sergeant. His delight was to extend a hand of welcome to strangers and comrades of the Corps. Coming to Canada in 1912 with his wife and two daughters, they located at Chatham, Ontario, and were Soldiers at this Corps for eight years. Nearly three years ago his failing health made it necessary for him to enter Byron Sanitarium at London, where his patient spirit and thoughtful words made him a great blessing to the other inmates, until the final call found him ready to meet his God.

His last hours were brightened by the presence of his two daughters, Mrs. Dix of London, Ont., and Mrs. Jarvis of Chatham, and also Adjutant Martin, who had visited him constantly at the Sanitarium. The remains were brought to Chatham for burial, the service being conducted by Adjutant Martin, assisted by Ensign Waters. Chatham Band and Songsters rendered beautiful

music to show their sympathy and love for those who are left to mourn, and respect for their old comrade, Brother Bond.

Brother T. Jones, Recruiting Sergeant, spoke words of appreciation of the life and influence of Brother Bond, and described him as a quiet, unassuming, but true Salvationist, who stood for Army principles and standards.

The Band played "Promoted to Glory," and at the grave all hearts were bowed in re-dedication to God and The Army. The presence of God was wonderfully felt, and many hearts were moved.

Sister Mrs. Bond and her daughters are being graciously upheld, and are grateful for the prayers of their many friends and comrades.

**SISTER MRS. THOMAS,**  
HUMBERMOUTH, Nfld.

Once again our ranks have been broken by the promotion to Glory of Sister Mrs. Thomas, the Life-Saving Guard Leader. We shall miss her much, as she was always at her post of duty. She assured us that all was well, and sang with us, "We shall meet on the banks of the river." Much sympathy is extended to the bereaved.

Those who know him at all are quite sure that his days of fighting are not over, that while his official mantle may pass to younger shoulders, his sword will not be sheathed, his voice will not cease to call sinners to repentance and saints to service. That he has earned a rest there is no doubt whatever; that he will take it there is all manner of doubt.

The Colonel's host of friends and comrades will wish him long continuance of the physical and mental vigor which he enjoys to such a marked degree at present, and will welcome every opportunity to profit by his industry as an opportunity offered.

To Mrs. Gaskin, who is widely known and loved in the Territory, Canada East says "Welcome Home," and extends the utmost in good wishes for future happiness and usefulness.

## THE MAN WHO WOULDN'T CLIMB

(See Frontispiece)

And, behold, one came and said unto Him, Good Master, what good thing shall I do, that I may have eternal life? And He said unto him, Why callest thou Me good? there is none good but One, that is, God: but if thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments. He said unto him, Which? Jesus said, Thou shalt not do no murder, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not bear false witness.

Honour thy father and thy mother: and Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

The young man said unto Him, All these things have I kept from my youth up: what lack I yet?

Jesus said unto him, If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come and follow me.

But when the young man heard that saying, he went away sorrowful: for he had great possessions.—Matt. 19:16-22.

A sad picture this! And many today, glancing at it, will recognize the portrayal to be a likeness of themselves.

Take another glance at this young man who, when shown the climbing road wouldn't face it, and turned his steps to an easier path.

### His Possessions

First, note what wondrous wealth was his. An abundance of this world's goods was among the least of his possessions. He had riches beyond comparison.

He had knowledge of God. From his youth up he had been familiar with the Law, and when Jesus directed his attention to the Commandments, he could testify that all these had been scrupulously kept.

Then he had high aspirations. Even this blameless record did not meet the high demands of his conscience. He had a vision of even higher ground than that attained.

He had a priceless opportunity. He was face to face with the Son of God, who pointed the way to full consecration and full reward with the magic words, "sell all," "give all," "follow Me."

### His Sorrows

Mark his grief; but notice that it was misdirected. He did not grieve for those around him who had suffered poverty all their lives, but for himself who would feel its sting henceforth. If the high command of Jesus was obeyed.

### His Decision

We are not told that he never followed Jesus, but with characteristic brevity the Bible records that "He went away." The tragedy of his lost opportunity is just there. He not only refused the Master's offer, but once he henceforth their ways are apart: One treads the path of self-sacrifice, the other the way of self-indulgence; Jesus seeks treasure in Heaven, the young ruler clings to his great possessions on earth. Let us not judge him hastily, but think of him even as he thought of himself—sorrowfully.

# Under The Army Flag OUT OF THE MIRE



AN INCIDENT OF SALVATION ARMY LIFE IN SOUTH AMERICA

**"THE LIGHTHOUSE"**  
Finnish Hotel of Bad Repute Becomes Army Shelter

**HERE AND THERE**

Items of International Interest

Lieut.-Commissioner Jaya Voora (Zweens), Territorial Commander for Eastern India, conducting a meeting in the Almore Jail for European prisoners, asked them to choose their favorite song. With one accord they replied, "No. 185—O Boundless Salvation," says the Commissioner, "to have seen and heard those prisoners in a Calcutta Jail singing his glorious song of hope. Afterwards two prisoners knelt at the altar steps and sought Salvation."

Commissioner D. Lamb, International Social Secretary, was one of the guests at the luncheon given at the Grocers' Hall in the City, London by the British Empire Producers' Organization, to Premier McCormack of Queensland.

Lieut.-Commissioner and Mrs. McMillan recently conducted the Divisional Congress and Young People's Councils at Milwaukee, Central Territory, U.S.A., where one hundred and one speakers and thirty-eight new candidates were registered. At Grand Rapids, where Young People's Councils were also held, one hundred and nine knelt at the penitential-form and fifty-eight volunteered for Officership.

Lieut.-Colonel Binke, of South Australia, has been appointed by the Government as Senior Military Department to be Senior Chaplain to the military forces, in succession to Lieut.-Commissioner McKenzie. The Colonel, who entered Army service from Horsham, Victoria, in 1893, is the Men's Social Superintendent for South Australia.

A serious fire which broke out in Castries, on the island of St. Lucia, in the West Indies East Territory, destroyed the heart of the business section, including The Army Hall and Officers' Quarters. Staff-Captain Buschett, the Divisional Commander, immediately began to make plans for securing a suitable place for Hall and Quarters. At a United Officers' meeting, held in Trinidad, the Officers present voluntarily subscribed to assist the Officers at Castries in their personal loss.

Appointed General Secretary to the East African Territory, Major H. G. Bowyer, with Mrs. Bowyer and their two children, has arrived in Nairobi from Durham.

It is over thirty years since Commandant John Thomson, who is in charge of the Pearson Farm, Rhodeia, and is the Standard-bearer in his native place, Mrs. Thomson, a South African Officer, with the children, is visiting her husband's birthplace for the first time.

Candidate Tamt Yamamoto, daughter of Lieut.-Commissioner Arima, graduated from the University of California and expects to enter the International Training Station for the next Session.

The Mayor of Johannesburg (Councillor Alf Law Palmer), accompanied by the Mayor's wife, visited The Army's Maternity and Rescue Home, the Linden Boys' Home, and the Driehoek Girls' Home and was much impressed by the splendid work being done. It was through the Mayor's influence that the Council made an annual grant of £2,000 to The Army's funds.

The Band of The Army's Home for Boys in Seoul, Korea, composed of boys rescued from European prisons, recently gave a broadcast program from the JOCK station, Seoul. This is the first time Army Band music has been broadcast in the East. Captain C. Widdowson, who became an Officer in South Africa, has taken charge of the Home in place of Major Hill, who has been appointed Divisional Commander in Barbados, West Indies.

By Staff-Captain Palaci, Editor of "El Cruzado"

SOME years ago I had the privilege of being present with the then Territorial Commander at an interview with a famous Argentine writer, and among the many ideas exchanged, one observation made to our Territorial Commander by the distinguished journalist, made a deep and pleasant impression upon me. "I admire," said he, "the work which The Salvation Army does, because it is not superficial. It gets to the root of the evil, and endeavors to destroy it instead of to merely relieve it. In its institutions it not

necessarily for that. Following the usual Salvation Army practice, he invited any one who desired to begin a new life and to accept Jesus Christ as Saviour and Master, to come forward and kneel at the penitential-form. The woman of the sad face and gray hair was one of the first to come. Kneeling there, with tears streaming down her cheeks, she told the comrade who knelt at her side of some of the bitterness and grief that darkened her sky. But she found Christ! A new hope was born within her, and from

Lieut.-Commissioner Palmer, recently conducted a successful campaign in the north of his Command, Finland, and among those whose faces shone with happiness when they rose from the penitential-form at Uleaborg, was a delicate woman from the country. She had read in the newspapers the announcement of the Commissioner's visit, and, determined to be present, walked seventeen kilometers (more than ten miles) through deep snow to the station from which the train left for the town. A step forward in the Men's Social Work has been taken in the opening, by the Commissioner, of a Shelter in Kotka. A number of influential people were present, and general satisfaction was expressed at The Army having transformed what was originally a hotel of bad repute called "The Lighthouse." The local newspaper said that this name would, indeed, be appropriate now, as the present-day Gospel in it would make it into a veritable house of spiritual light and warmth. The Chief Secretary, Lieut.-Colonel Pulli, recently conducted the first Officers' wedding in Viiborg. Interest was great, the largest building in the city was filled to the last seat, and the whole ceremony made a deep impression upon the congregation. The Young People's Councils, conducted at thirteen different centres, resulted in 254 seeking God. In Helsingfors, Commissioner and Mrs. Palmer conducted separate Councils for those speaking Swedish and those speaking the Finnish language.



Korean Salvationists forming up for a march to an Open-air meeting on a recent holiday occasion in Seoul

only shelters needy men and women, but by exhortation and counsel, tries to prevent the need for charity. By this method it does good in the most practical manner."

Here in synthesis is a true description of Salvation Army activity. There are some who contribute to our funds, who sometimes say: "I admire the work you do, but I do not believe in your doctrines." Great error! That is like saying: "I like very much the orange tree covered with orange blossoms, but I do not believe that the sap or substance which circulates by the trunk and branches is of any value."

The power of The Salvation Army is to be found in the principles of Christian faith and love which it supports and teaches. The Salvation which convicts men or women receive makes them love their neighbor, and inspires them with the desire to help him, although at the cost of personal sacrifice.

Here is a story which graphically illustrates this power. A few weeks had passed since the opening of a new Corps, when one night, a woman, modestly dressed, of intelligent appearance, but with a sad countenance, entered the Hall. The Officer saw at once that under the neat but humble dress was hidden an afflicted soul, with a broken heart, and consequently purposed to find out, when the meeting was over, who the woman was. But there was

that instant there commenced a new life for her.

But this change was only in her soul; her home had not suffered any alteration, and there was to be found the origin of her sorrow and grief. Her husband was a drunkard, and although a good workman, he could not keep any position more than two or three weeks because of this evil habit. The elder children partly contributed to the maintenance of the home, but the poor mother had to work hard for the up-keep of the smaller children. It was, to use her own words, a death fight.

But the light she had received revealed to her that she could enjoy a privilege as yet unknown to her; through prayer she could ask God to change her husband. She therefore commenced to pray for his and her children's conversion. Two years passed. She made a good Soldier, sold EL CRUZADO ("The War Cry"), attended and testified in the meetings, but at home there was no change at all.

But at last two of her daughters were converted; then, later, one of the sons. The husband, nevertheless, went on drinking harder than ever, stumbling home late at night and seeking to quarrel with his favorite. It was not that the persons to whom I refer are living to-day, and are ununiformed Salvationists, and what is better still, live Christian lives, one might be tempted to

accuse me of exaggeration, on learning the wonderful conclusion of this story.

God has promised to answer prayer, and the woman, from the moment of her conversion, clung to that promise with all the energy of her newly-acquired faith.

At last, her husband, half drunk, one night, awoke. The Salvation Army Hall, more to cause trouble than to listen to what was being said. The Spirit of God strove with him, and when the invitation was given, after an intense struggle with himself, he went forward to the penitential-form.

The miracle had happened, and as the leper was cleansed by the touch of Jesus, so this man was saved by coming into touch with the Redeemer. From that instant he was a new creature; he was born again. Hallelujah!

How different life has been in that hour of the time! The man was not long in finding employment, and to-day he is not only a loyal and faithful Soldier of that same Corps, but his conversion has been the means of the conversion of others who, like himself, were slaves to drink and other vices.

This is only one of the many cases which could be related, and in the pursuit of such work, Salvation Army Officers continue their labors,

# MORE STORIES FROM SHANGHAI

## What Happens in a Little Room in a City of Darkness

BY AN OFFICER WHO TAKES PART



**T**HE Salvation Army is a world organization. Its name in Chinese is "Save the world Army," and that this is recognized and emphasized in Shanghai these days is most apparent. Here are gathered peoples from every country and of every class, and to all does The Army voice an appeal that stirs the heart and actually is capable of reminding everybody of their own home.

This Sunday which has just closed, has certainly been the most "Army" Sunday we Salvationists have had in this city, and we know that many others who have not seen The Salvation Army in action in Shanghai before, think so too. We hear of one who remarked that she didn't know there were such meetings in the city, and she beamed with the delight and enjoyment the discovery brought.

First there was the meeting for the service men Salvationists, held in a private home. Over twenty lads in khaki answered the roll call there, and they represented seven different regiments. With light-hearted banter they "chipped" each other as to the merits of their own particular section with hearty sallies at the other fellow's expense. But their love and praise for The Salvation Army was

one; unitedly on this point they expressed themselves simply and spontaneously.

Then how they sang and clapped! On a previous Sunday a boarding house "Missus" had expressed her disapproval of the noise, and feared that her roomers would be disturbed in their afternoon siesta; but evidently they were not so upset as she anticipated, or else as they are inured to the bang and clang of the trams that pass to and fro, they are getting used to us, or as we prefer to think, they begin to enjoy these "sing-songs," for really the men sing with zest, and tunefully, too. Of course there is the clapping, but who can resist it? Freely and without restraint all join to make a "joyful noise unto the Lord."

### The Nicest Souvenir

These Salvationists are very eager in their queries regarding Salvation Army activities in China. They love to have us sing an Army chorus in Chinese, and many are determined to learn a chorus to take back to England. We have met soldiers who ache for a Cantonese rifle, a flag or some trophy of the kind; but our Salvationist lads think a Chinese chorus the nicest souvenir possible, though it may not be "prized" as eagerly as more tangible and weighty things.

Many are blessed by the simple testimonies which are given. The men try to put into words just what their hearts are feeling. One said, in broad Northern dialect, that since he began to serve Jesus everybody has treated him fine. He means to go on and hopes to meet his girl in Heaven. Someone else huffed in: "And you'll see Jesus." "Oh, man," he replied, "He'll be the first one I'll expect to see."

### The "Drifters"

Another said that the other night, in a little meeting some of the boys held "on their own," he "came through," and could give a definite testimony that Jesus had saved him. They pray so earnestly, do these khaki-Salvationists, that a revival might come, and that the men of the Shanghai Defence Force may be moved towards God and Holiness. Then, how they feel for those who have fallen! For freedom after strict discipline leads quickly to license, and we and they have to be quite honest with each other in acknowledging that there are those who go far astray. The drink, and wicked places of this city make shipwreck of many hardy mariners, who at sea are steady men and conquerors of the wild storms, and they bring defeat to sturdy soldiers who would face other

foes bravely and victoriously. We hear of this one, and that one slipping, and are told by the boys, in tones of real distress, of mates who have gone wrong, and a quaver creeps into voices that plead with God on behalf of such "drifters."

Glory to God, there are rollicking moments of happiness when one knows of a truth that where the spirit of the Lord is there is mercy. We had several such moments in the meeting held at night. "Our boys" were there in force, and added to the freedom and power of the meeting.

### Was "A Bad 'Un"

With real Army free-and-easy breeziness, one rose to sing, "Though I wandered far from Jesus," and announced the last verse as his testimony. "Now I live for Christ my Saviour." Though only the comparatively small section of Salvationists (about thirty) could join in the chorus, "Yes, He gives me peace and pardon," we believe many others will be able to so testify soon. "I was a bad 'un," said a Plymouth lad, who told of God's grace in his heart, and though some present could not understand his speech very perfectly, they spoke afterwards of his open face and sincere look, and felt these were testimony enough.

One khaki-clad figure knelt at the platform rail, whilst another soldier lad knelt beside him and encouraged and prayed.

The General has decided that work among the troops quartered in Tientsin, North China, is to be commenced forthwith, and the large number of Officers now in that city are rejoicing in this opportunity of service.



# COMETO

A STUDY IN BROWN

By Ensign

Alfred Gilliard

**T**ROPICAL lands rob one of the last joy of early-rising, for of what use is it to leave sweet repose before the sun peeps in at the window if every one else about town does the same, and the virtuous feeling of superiority that is the only charm of early-rising has no chance at all?

"Prison at 7 a.m.—a good start for the day!" A cheerful voice broke in upon the mental protest and suggested some consolation for the early-morning rumble in an aged dog-cart through the already crowded and heated streets of Soerabaya.

We were going to prison for Knecht Drill with the native prisoners, and the thought that the Officer in charge of the Chinese Corps paid the same visit every Sunday of the year, dismissed the last protest at the earliness of the hour.

### A Picture

The dog-cart stopped with a jolt and tipped its contents out on to the burning road in front of a long white wall, broken by a bad imitation of a Gothic arch and decorated with the lounging forms of green-uniformed native soldiers armed with carbines and murderous-looking swords, and gazing wearily, as though tired of a peaceful existence, at the new arrivals.

The prison door swung open and we passed through into a wide courtyard.

"This way to the meeting!" Adjutant Brandt, battered cornet under one arm, Song-Books under the other, and a broad smile embracing the whole of his supporting troops, led the way down past dazzling white walls toward a second iron

gate, which swung open and revealed the study in brown.

The floor of the building was brown, and wet, shining dully in the narrow space between its steep pent roof and a floor. Gathered on the wet brown floor were hundreds of brown-skinned men. Some sat in the wet hugging their knees in that attitude of repose which is a constant wonder to the European who cannot sit down without a chair. Some, looking far less comfortable, sat on the edge of brown wooden forms arranged on three sides of a

This was the gallery congregation, the men who, not willing to commit themselves to actual attendance at the meeting, were anxious not to miss its sights and sounds.

### Why Hurry?

"Take the name of Jesus with you. Child of sorrow and of woe."

The cornet's brazen voice pierced the air with a sharpness that came almost as a physical impact upon the ear, and a deep, languid rumbling followed its stressful notes. This

Remember at the Throne of Grace those who carry the light of God's Truth into the dark places of the earth. And pray that Salvation may come to every race.

### In the Gallery

Along the outside of the next building, crowding close upon this wall-less barn of a place, was an iron gallery, its unpainted bars browned by the tropical weather and contact with innumerable bare hands and feet. Every bar was grasped by a brown hand, and every space between revealed a brown head, all along the gallery, so that it looked like an elongated cage suspended in mid-air from which its brown occupants gazed upon the world below.

indicated that the prisoners were singing in Malay.

It was impossible to hurry them. The cornet did its best, and we longed to lend sorely needed aid with a drum, but that would only have added confusion to the languor. Javanese people believe in making the most of every note, and why hurry in a land where, there is always plenty of time?

From behind came a full body of sound, supporting the less determined efforts of the squatting and standing congregation in front. We turned round to see the cause and found a company of thirty or forty prisoners standing as close as possible together and singing with eyes as eloquent as their tongues.

"Those are the Converts," whispered Adjutant Brandt, taking a moment's rest from his strenuous trumpeting and letting the chorus

(Continued from column 3)

meander leisurely to its end.

"We began the meeting two years ago and had ten and a dozen in the congregations at first. Now there are more Converts than we had then in the congregation—and you see the crowd here this morning! We get as many every week. Attendance is quite voluntary, and we'll get the whole two thousand in the prison yet!"

I suppose the majority of these men had never heard the story of Jesus?"

"Very few. They come from all kinds of places, and if they have heard, it has been a casual contact, making little or no impression. Of course, there are some. Our Sergeant here, for instance, was a backslider. We'll ask him to testify."

### The Sergeant's Testimony

When that comrade began to speak we once again had to envy the Eastern people in their gift of speech. He was an orator, word-flooding from his lips, eyes flashing, hands reinforcing the message of the words. He told of early allegiance to Jesus Christ, of sudden temptation and failure—no one needs to see the peoples of the East with the fires of a volcanic nature smouldering in their eyes to understand how great can be the devastation of sudden temptation—of crime, of prison, of his indifference when the first meeting was held, and of the stirring within him of remorse and repentance as the songs and the testimony touched long-buried chords.

(Continued on page 12)

# More About The Army's Start in Canada

## Fresh Light on an Interesting Subject

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNT OF HOW THE ARMY TOOK ROOT IN THE DOMINION, GIVEN BY THE LATE BRIGADIER GLOVER JUST PREVIOUS TO HIS PASSING AWAY, WILL BE READ WITH INTEREST

By Brigadier Ruth Tracy



**D**URING my visit to New Zealand I had the opportunity of going to see Brigadier J. H. Glover (who has since passed away), and as we talked I learned for the first time that he was one of the pioneers of The Salvation Army in Canada. I got him to tell me the story of his own Army beginnings.

He was connected in his young manhood with an Immigration Agency in Birmingham which sent boys to Canada, and some of these boys asked if he would go with them, and he promised to do so. He accordingly paid his fare and sailed to Canada. At that time, he said, there were two countries he wanted to see, Australia and New Zealand, and he has since, in Salvation Army service, seen them both.

The Brigadier got into touch with The Salvation Army first at Coventry, England, through an Open-air meeting.

Young Glover saw a crowd standing around an Army Open Air meeting, and he decided to go to that city. He listened to the testimony and exhortation, and liked The Salvation Army, making up his mind to attend a meeting on his return to Birmingham. This he did.

### Rowdy Times

They were having rowdy times. All the windows were barricaded. He says, "The police looked at us and let us in." The first testimony he heard was by a tall, well-built fellow, a navy. This young man stated that he had been a public house drinking and could see into the publican's kitchen where a joint of meat was cooking on the spit. He was hungry, so he asked the publican to dip a bit of bread in the gravy and give him the bread. The publican answered scornfully, "Buy your own meat." He resolved from that evening that he would buy his own meat. He gave up drinking, got converted in The Salvation Army, and was now buying his own meat and had a home of his own.

Glover was greatly struck by that testimony, and said to himself, "That's the work that needs doing." So he went to a mission meeting and got saved.

He began, after his conversion, to work for God, and at first threw in his lot with the Church of England. He held open-air meetings in the courts of Birmingham, and after the open-air and visitation he got a crowd to a Monday night meeting. He said, "A comrade and I did the talking, and we had twenty people to sing."

### Council of War

A little later he crossed the seas to Canada, settling in Toronto. He felt he wanted to work for God. Farmers in the neighborhood used to come and form a bee and help newcomers with their lots. The young convert stayed in the city and began to work for God in his spare time.

One day a young fellow, named Courts came to the place where he boarded, and in talking to him Glover asked, "What church do you belong to?" He replied: "I belonged to The Salvation Army in the Old Land in the North of England, but there is no Army in this country. However, there ought to be." Glover replied, "Yes, there ought." The Salvationist then asked: "If we started the work of The Salvation Army here, do you think we could get two or three

friends to help us?" Glover replied, "Yes." So the two decided to start.

On Sunday, June 15th, 1882, the work was begun. Glover had written to Major Moore, who was then in charge of the work in the United States, asking him kindly to send some "War Cry" and Song Books, and to give his permission for them to commence Army operations in Canada. He replied, agreeing to their request, and sending the supplies.

Glover got two friends to promise help, and engaged McMillan's Hall at the corner of Yonge and Gerrard Streets. They held their first Open-air on the street outside. A few people listened and were invited to the meeting. They ran their meeting on similar lines to those they had seen in the Old Country. The Hall accommodated 200 people, but was not full. They had a very good meeting, and the people seemed interested. Glover undertook to see that no debt was incurred. The opening was reported in the papers on Monday morning and the street thronged things up. A number of Old Country Salvationists, who were in the city, rallied around. "We got the loan of a church mission hall," said the Brigadier, in recalling those times, "holding about two hundred people. Then we advanced. Friends wanted to open a Hall in the West end of the city, so we took a building in the West end and another in the centre of the city, this making three. Major Moore came from the U.S.A. later and held a meeting in a Music and Billiard Hall on Yonge Street. He talked the matter over with us and we asked him to send someone to take charge of the work, and he promised to do so. In September he sent Staff-Cap-

tain Wass to take charge of the work in Canada, and the Salvationist who had come from the Old Land, Brother Courts, he made a Lieutenant. I agreed to see that expenses were met if he would put in someone to conduct the meetings, and Brother and Sister Freer, who were working in Toronto, were put in charge.

"When Staff-Captain Wass came, I met him and handed over the books and cash in hand. Shortly afterwards Brother and Sister Freer applied for Officership; they were accepted and sent to open Lindsay. Staff-Captain Wass took charge in Freer's place. Then I decided to come right into The Salvation Army, and Staff-Captain Wass made me the Sergeant-Major. I assisted him all I could by looking after the Corps work while he went about to get Halls to open up new places. He was Divisional Officer as well as Corps Officer.

"The soul-saving work went on and we built up a big Corps. We built a Salvation Army Hall on Richmond Street West, and called it Toronto I.

"After the Staff-Captain's arrival, a Hall was engaged on Alice Street, and we had great crowds. After a month's work rowdiness broke out, but a number of the larks got converted. The first outbreak was practically a riot and took place one Sunday afternoon in Queen's Park. The opposition tried to take the colors from us; but we held on to them and saved them. From that time a number of leading gentlemen in the city became our very warmest friends, and the inspector of police also stood by us. We went on despite all opposition. One Sister got so

wounded that she had to be carried out of the march, and some friends offered \$200.00 reward for the conviction of the person who threw the missile. She recovered, however.

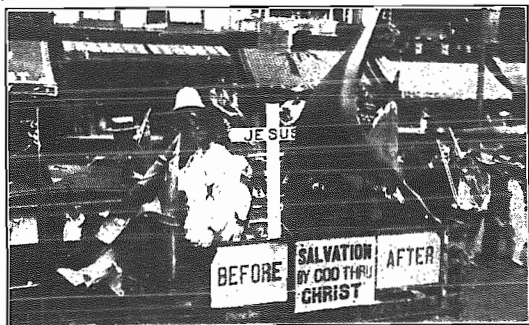
"When Major Moore came on his next visit he spoke to me about becoming an Officer. I felt that it was a work I ought to do, and I threw up a good position and offered my services. It was a hard struggle to leave my job, but I knew God wanted me as an Officer. My first appointment was as Captain to open Lippincott. We took an old church building on a site on which the old Training Garrison was afterwards built. We next opened Yorkville Corps in a vacant Baptist church which we rented, and started a Men's Training Garrison. I took charge of the Richmond Street West (Toronto I) Corps. Later on, Captain Hotham, who later became Mrs. Glover, had charge of the same Corps.

### In Two Cities

"At the same time that we 'opened fire' in Toronto, the present Colonel Addie, of United States and Brigadier Ludgate were in London, Ontario, having come out from England. When the Toronto papers reached London, Ontario, they noticed the report of our opening. They had begun cottage meetings, and had written to Major Moore about starting the work in London, Ontario, and he had replied that he would be there himself in a fortnight. He went, and told them to go on and he would send an Officer. He sent Staff-Captain Jonah Inman to them at the same time that he sent Staff-Captain Wass to us. They then started on Salvation Army lines and got a Hall. So it is clear that The Army really began in two cities at the same time.

### Two Good Recruits

"In succession to Inman, the Major sent Captain and Mrs. Shirley, who had been the first to begin the work in the United States. To take charge of London, Ontario, then Addie and Ludgate applied for the work. The Major accepted them and sent them to take charge in the city of Toronto. Staff-Captain Wass having been under the Divisional Officer."



"BEFORE AND AFTER SALVATION"—An Army float in the Confederation Diamond Jubilee parade at Hamilton. Envoy Evenden (driving) was responsible for the float; Sergeant Gullis, a local WAR CRY Herald, is seen behind the Colors, while Captain Evenden is manipulating the trombone. Envoy Jones, also one of the party, is hidden by the Colors, which he holds.

### THE "RAZOR AND THE POISON MAN" CONFESSES

Arriving home from the meeting one evening, the Captain discovered lying on the door-mat of the Quarters a razor and a bottle of poison, with no indication as to how they came there.

Next morning, however, she found on the mat a note which read:

"Dear Salvation Army,—

"Last night, so tired of life, I was on my way home to murder my wife and then commit suicide. I stood for a few moments to listen at your Open-air meeting, and the message I heard inspired me with hope. Ashamed to tell you of my intention, I asked for your address and put the razor and the bottle of poison through your box.

A few Sundays later a man and his wife knelt together at the mercy-seat in The Army Hall, and when the Officer went to speak to them, the husband said, "I am the razor and poison man. We want God to save us both."



Official Organ of The Salvation Army in Canada East & Newfoundland and Bermuda.

International Headquarters, London, England.

Territorial Commander, Lieut.-Commissioner William Maxwell, James and Albert Sts., Toronto 2.

Printed for The Salvation Army in Canada East, Newfoundland and Bermuda, by The Salvation Army Printing House, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2, Ont. SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A copy of THE WAR CRY (including the special Easter and Christmas issues) will be mailed, prepaid, to any address in Canada for twelve months for the sum of \$2.50.

All Editorial communications should be addressed to the Editor.

## OFFICIAL GAZETTE

(By Authority of the General)

### Marriage:

Captain Neville Reader, out of Musgravetown, Nfld., 1.1.23, to Captain Delliah Sexton, out of Musgravetown, Nfld., 17.7.24, at Musgravetown, by Captain Chas. Butler.

WILLIAM MAXWELL, Lieut.-Commissioner.

## MRS. LT.-COMMISSIONER MAXWELL

Our comrades will share the Commissioner's joy in the knowledge that Mrs. Maxwell is considerably improved in health as the result of her rest at Jackson's Point, and will rejoice in the possibility of her being by the Commissioner's side again at an early date. We shall all unite in praying that the progress along the road to recovery may be complete.

## THE EDITORIAL CHANGE

Brigadier and Mrs. Bramwell Taylor, are due to farewell from the Territory on Sunday evening, August 21st, in a meeting to be conducted in the Toronto Temple by the Commissioner. They are scheduled to leave the following evening for the West, where the Brigadier takes up the position of Field Secretary.

A report of the Farewell gathering, together with a sketch of the Brigadier's career, will appear in our next issue.

Major and Mrs. Church are due to arrive in Toronto, on Tuesday, August 23rd, and forthwith the Major will be in the Editor's chair. They are old friends. Canada East comrades will greet them heartily. We wish them God's rich blessing.

## NEW TRAINING PRINCIPAL

Lieut.-Colonel F. H. Saunders, who, as already announced, has been appointed by the General to succeed Colonel Bettridge as the Principal of the Canada East Training Garrison, is expected to arrive in Toronto, with Mrs. Saunders, about the end of the present month. The date of their official Welcome will be announced later.

They may be sure of meeting with a warm greeting from the comrades of the Territory.

# Joy Days at "Jackson's"

FOUR HUNDRED NEEDY CHILDREN LAY IN STORES OF HEALTH AT THE ARMY'S FRESH-AIR CAMP

TO TALK with Officers to whom has been given the duty of investigation in connection with the Army's "Fresh air" work is to be amazed at the poverty and suffering which is found to exist hidden under the prosperity and plenty in the fair city of Toronto; to visit the Fresh Air Camp at Jackson's Point is to be humbly grateful to God for the efforts being made to relieve the suffering, and bring some brightness into the lives of those most to be pitied, namely the children.

Picture a tiny home, father ill for many months, mother trying to make a tiny allowance eke out to meet the needs of herself, her sick husband and three children, guant poverty always present, the wolf never very far from the door. Summer brings fresh hardships to these little ones with no playground but the street. The three children are taken to camp, where they play over green fields, roam through shady woods, and swim in a smooth lake. At the end of their two weeks stay the little folks make a bit of a scene, lamenting that they have to go home, and it is difficult to show them that they must make room for others who are waiting their turn to come to camp.

Here is another family of five children. There has been considerable sickness and the mother is badly run down; what she needs is a rest which it is impossible to obtain while the work for the children has to be done. Mother and all five children are sent to camp, where mother rests while children play, and all come back to renew the struggle with fresh strength and new hope.

In another case the father has been out of work for six months, and has just got a job at fifteen dollars per week to provide for a wife and five children. This can be eked out to provide food and pay rent; but clothes are badly needed and a holiday is out of the question. The case is brought to the notice of The Army and arrangements are soon under way for four of the children to go to our camp. The necessary clothes are provided, car fares arranged and four more happy faces are soon seen among the group by Lake Simcoe.

Here is one more case. The mother of six children, the oldest twelve years old, hears that her sister in a nearby town is ill and in need of her help. This is an opportunity to help two families at once. The four oldest children are taken to camp, which proves of great benefit to them, while the mother takes the two youngest and goes to the help of her sick relative.

About four hundred children, taken

from circumstances similar to those described above, are given a two weeks' holiday at the camp each Summer, together with about twenty mothers—women with children too young to go alone. Certainly it would be a difficult task to estimate the value of such holidays in improved health and renewed physical vitality.

Perhaps of even greater importance is the renewal of hope, the accession of courage to grapple with hard circumstances, the fresh grip on faith with which to face the future. Who can estimate the value of these things in the lives of children at the stage when impressions are deepest and most lasting? We leave the answering of this question to those with more time to spare, while we carry on finding and helping the children.

In a meeting conducted at Jackson's Point Camp last Sunday night by Adjutant Harpley, who "fathers" the "Fresh Air" children during their sojourn at the Camp, forty-eight boys and girls knelt at the pentent-form to give their young hearts to God. A night or so later a little boy was found crying while preparing for bed. On being asked the cause, he replied: "I want to be saved."

So these young campers who are in The Army's care are finding not only strength for their growing bodies at "Jackson's", but what is of still greater importance, power which will enable them to "grow in grace."

## THREE "VEDICS" WANTED

The General Writes of the Success of The Army's Scheme

In a letter to "The Times" of July 18th, commenting on the report of the Advisory Committee for Juvenile Employment during 1926, the General stated that "there is a large and increasing number of parents who realize that such an attitude (objection to over-seas settlement) is not in the best interests of boys and young women who are adaptable and possessed of the necessary enterprise. Further, there is ample evidence of a widespread desire amongst boys and others to go overseas. For the special sailing of the "Vedic" for Australia from Liverpool on October 15th next, Commissioner Lamb reports that he have received within three weeks of the announcement, enough applications to fill three "Vedics." Boys' applications number 353, those from women 375."

Mrs. Adjutant Dunton was injured in a recent motor accident, but we understand has practically recovered.

The stars have fallen once more, and the general C. O. of Earlscourt Corps is now Adjutant McBain. Congratulations!



Colonel John Bond, of Chicago, who, with Mrs. Bond, is at present spending a furlough at Jackson's Point Camp, gave an interesting and instructive address in the morning gathering last Sunday in the Grove. When a goodly number of holiday-makers from the camps in the neighborhood were present. The Colonel, who is a well-known in-Chief for the U.S.A. Central Territory, is the father of Mrs. Adjutant Webber and Mrs. Commandant Frank Ham.

Captain Robert Wright desires, on his own behalf, as well as on behalf of the bereaved relatives, to express through THE WAR CRY, sincere thanks to all who have shown so much sympathy in the recent loss of his father, Lieut.-Leader Wright, of St. Thomas.

Lieut.-Colonel Van der Schouw, Women's Social Secretary at New York, has been spending a furlough in Canada, and took part in a recent Sunday night meeting at Windsor I.

A letter just received from Captain Harold Corbett, tells us that he is booked to sail from England for India on September 2nd. He says: "I last I have got my heart's desire."

A number of Territorial Headquarters Officers have returned from their furlough looking refreshed and fit, and are taking hold of their duties with renewed vigor after their well-earned rest.

Mrs. Major McElhinney met with a regrettable accident recently. She was driving a motor car, when a recklessly-driven automobile swerved from the road and struck her. Our comrade has been injured and, although much improved, is still in hospital.

## INTERNATIONAL CHANGES

New Travelling Commissioners Appointed

Changes of appointment affecting many departments of Army life have recently been decided upon by the General.

Commissioner Larsson has been appointed Territorial Commander for Finland in place of Lieut.-Commissioner Palmer, who is appointed an International Travelling Commissioner. Commissioner Larsson's last Territorial command was the South American Territory before his division, since when he has been engaged upon special work at I.H.Q. In taking up an appointment in Finland he will be returning to the Scandinavian peoples from whence he comes.

Commissioner Simpson has been appointed International Travelling Commissioner.

The Territories for which he was responsible as International Secretary in the Overseas Department at I.H.Q. have been divided between Commissioner Mapp and Commissioner Blowers.

In order that these last-named Officers may cope with their increasing responsibilities, two new appointments have been made in the Overseas Departments. Lieut.-Colonel Gore, whose last appointment was Chief Secretary in Western India, has been appointed Under-Secretary, assisting Commissioner Blowers, who is responsible for the Indian and Far East Territories, and Major Bremner, who has already served some years in the Department, has been made

Under-Secretary assisting Commissioner Mapp in his responsibilities for Australia, Canada, North and South America, South East, and West Africa.

Colonel Rowe, who has given many years of faithful service to the Overseas Department has been appointed to the Secretary's Department at I.H.Q. with special responsibility concerning Army organization and discipline. Pray for God's blessing upon these appointments.



Jolly days at "Jackson's" bring sunshine for shadow into little lives



**INTERNATIONAL WEDDING**

**Commissioner de Groot and Staff-Captain Bollinger Married by Commissioner Mapp in London**

A company of Army Officers, Soldiers, and friends, as representatives of the Bases of many nations which hang round the galleries, shared with considerable interest the wedding service, which was conducted by Commissioner Mapp in the Highgate Chapel, London, recently. The Officers joining hands were Commissioner de Groot, himself a Hollander, and Staff-Captain Marguerite Bollinger, who is a Swiss.

Felicitations were eloquently expressed by Commissioner Hoggard, on behalf of fellow-Commissioners; Ensign Cecile Blanc (a close friend of the bride) representing Switzerland; Major Sicaris (from South Africa) for the command to which Commissioner and Mrs. de Groot were booked to sail on August 5th; and Ensign Frieda de Groot, the daughter.

The bride told of her own deep gratitude for the joyful opportunity given her to work for God in the Salvation Army. (She has been associated with Training Work in Switzerland.)

Commissioner de Groot paid warm tribute to his daughter's loyal help and declared that in all things he would give first place to the interests of God's Kingdom.

Commissioner Mapp read from a letter which he had received from the General, in which The Army's Leader expressed his pleasure in the union solemnized that day, and added: "I believe my hearts here actuated by a true desire to further the interests of the Kingdom of God. The Commissioner has long been a successful Commander on my battlefield and is now on his way to an important command. Mrs. de Groot also has won the undoubted esteem of her comrades and her work is well known to her leaders. She brings to her new position a wide experience which must prove of great worth to her husband. I commend them to each other's loving care."

Among the many senders of congratulations were the Chief of the Staff and Mrs. Higgins.

**FAREWELL-WELCOME**

[By Cable]

Johannesburg.

Colonel Bettridge, the now Chief Secretary for South Africa, was duly installed in Capetown and Johannesburg, Lieut-Commissioner Unsworth officiating at the Cape, when he also farewell, and is now bound for London. The Commissioner's brief command has been of great service to the Territory.

Both centres conducted the installation on the Rand. Colonel and Mrs. Bettridge, who have been the recipients of affectionate welcome at both centres, won their way into the hearts of the rank and file from the moment of setting foot in the mother city. The welcome of the native city comrades has been equally warm.

With faith running high for the future, we are keenly anticipating the arrival of Commissioner and Mrs. de Groot.

Many appeals reach THE WAR CRY from readers who are in difficulty and perplexity, requesting prayer. Will comrades remember in prayers all whose names are listed by troubled seas.

**105 "Lucky Boys" Leave London FOR CANADA**

**AGENT-GENERAL FOR BRITISH COLUMBIA TELLS YOUNG EMIGRANTS OF A COAL MINE BOY WHO IS NOW A PREMIER IN CANADA**

**"You Will Always Thank The Salvation Army for Having Given You a Chance."**

**Sir Robert Horne gives the Lads Sound Counsel**

**"LUCKY"** is what the Agent General for British Columbia, Mr. Pauline, called the party of 105 boys to whom he addressed the following words at Regent Hall, London, on Thursday, July 28th.

"I am very glad of the opportunity given me by General Booth to be with you to-night. I appreciate it perhaps more than some men would do, because I can look back to the time when I was as young as you are and left England for Canada. I did not have the advantage of going under the auspices of the great Salvation Army. I went alone to Canada. You, I understand, are going to the great

C.P.R. in London was a colleague of mine. We were young men together in British Columbia, and you see the position he occupies to-day. Sir George MacLaren Brown could not come, but he sent a representative here in Major Haywood who was also a colleague of mine for some years in the legislature of British Columbia. I think he had more money than I did when I went to Canada, but he made good, and is to-day a highly respected man in British Columbia.

"And then may I be pardoned for speaking of myself. When I arrived in Canada, I had very little money in my pocket; indeed, I would be almost

partly, accommodated in char-a-bancs, had been taken to see the "Sights of London," finishing at Shaftesbury Avenue as guests to tea of Sir Robert Horne, P.C., G.B.E., M.P., Ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer. Then had come the meeting at the Regent Hall, after which the Band had marched the contingent through the crowds in Oxford Street, Marble Arch and Edgware Road, to Paddington Station where they had been the guests of Sir George MacLaren Brown, K.B.E., European Manager of the C.P.R., before entraining for Liverpool.

Many were the words of advice spoken to these young men just on the threshold of life.

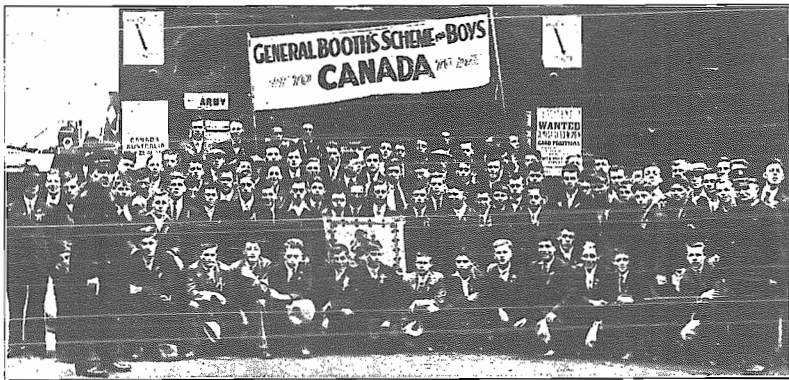
Sir Robert Horne, who had left the House of Commons just for the purpose of speaking to the boys, told them he was glad that they were going with such prospects. He noticed some boys were that piece of Scotch tartan as a badge, and spoke of two Scotch boys who left their native land a century ago, and had pioneered the great Dominion of Canada, whose names are remembered and revered as Lord Strathcona and Lord Mountstephen. He considered that Canada was richer than it was even when those lads went out. He wanted them never to forget two things:

one was this sweet Homeland in which they belonged and the other was that character was more important than cleverness, and although it might not be possible for them to be clever, it was possible for them all to have a good character. He felt sure that if they would only follow the advice that had been given them on The Salvation Army Colony at Hadleigh where they had been receiving three months' instruction and preparation for their work, they would make good, and then they would find that the "goodness and mercy" referred to in the Psalm had indeed sung, "would follow them all the days of their life."

In addition to Commissioner and Mrs. Lamb and Mrs. Colonel Cuthbert, the conductor of the party, all of whom gave the boys sound advice, Dame Meriel Talbot spoke:

"We are convinced," she said among other things, "that there is no agency in this country of ours which does anything comparable to The Salvation Army in the way of persistent hard work. We will, none of us, slacken our efforts until we have been able to bring about a better distribution of the people."

Salvationists in Canada will be interested to know that out of these 105 boys, fifty have already professed conversion, twelve of whom were sworn in as Soldiers, the night preceding their sailing; also that seventeen of the boys who have been sent by The Army to Australia have since been through the Training Garrison there and are now Officers in our great Organization.



**"Lucky Boys" outside Migration House, London, England, before leaving for Canada**

Province of Ontario. My home in Canada is out in the Province of British Columbia some 2,500 miles from where you boys are going. I mention that fact to give you some idea of the extent of the Dominion of Canada. Do not doubt for one moment but that there is room for you and for thousands of parties like this one. You are starting under happy auspices the greatest adventure of your lives, and you are lucky boys to be going out to the great Dominion where you will have ample opportunity to make good citizens of yourselves.

"You have a responsibility to your Motherland; you have a responsibility to The Salvation Army which has found the way and means for your going out to that wonderful country. You will have opportunities there which possibly and probably you would never have in the Old Country. Sir Robert Horne mentioned that the greatest asset you could have is character, and in order to show you how character will carry a boy forward, and the opportunities which lie before each one of you, I want to tell you that the Premier of British Columbia was a boy in a coal mine in Derbyshire at the age of nine or eleven years there, and at the present time, at the age of seventy, he has been for twelve years the Premier of the Province of British Columbia. Our Minister of Agriculture was a poor farmer's boy down in Hampshire. He went to Canada when he was eleven years of age, and at the last twelve years he has been Minister of Agriculture in the Province of British Columbia. The great Chief of the

ashamed to tell you how little; but in course of time I made good and entered the legislature and I sat there for one district for eight years. When I left the House I had been for some time Speaker of the Legislature. Men who have not made good do not become speakers of Parliament. Then at last they sent me back to my Motherland, and they said: 'You know all about British Columbia; you have been there 42 years; it is time you went back to represent the Province in London,' and here I am.

"I tell you these things, boys, because, who knows? There may be quite a few among you who will attain high positions in Canada, but whether you do or not, you are going to a very rich Province, one of the most beautiful in Canada, and the opportunity will be yours to make good. But, as Sir George MacLaren Brown said, 'Play the game!' You all know what that means. Do the right thing. Give good value for the money that is paid you. Live a clean life. Become good citizens of Canada, and you will have no regrets, but you will always thank the great Salvation Army for having given you a chance."

"Lucky, indeed!" was echoed by many a heart thrilled by the stirring strains of 'O Canada' which comes in the 'Canada West' march so ably played by the Regent Hall Band in the course of the evening, for the boys in question were leaving for beautiful Ontario, and this was their Farewell Meeting.

Commissioner Lamb described the day as a "perfect" one. It had started at sunrise, dinner had been partaken at an early hour, and then the



# Our Musical Fraternity



## Army Instruments in the Making

### MORE NEW MUSIC FESTIVAL SERIES FOR JULY

In his analysis of No. 37 Selection, "Over Jordan," in the July Festival Series, Lieut.-Colonel Hawkes says:

As previous selections contributed to the F.S. Band Journal by the composer of this piece—Adj. Branwell Colos—have met with such a large measure of appreciation, special interest will naturally centre around this composition, and certain features, as well as a high standard of workmanship, will be anticipated. While we shall not attempt to make comparisons between this and the Adjutant's previous selections, we can say with assurance that we have here a composition that will make a very wide and successful appeal to both Bandsmen and hearers.

Concerning No. 40—Cornet Solo—"A Happy Day," the Colonel remarks: "This composition won a first prize in the Theme with Variations Section of the 1926 Band Music Competition, the composer being Bandmaster Eric Leizden."

The theme is a well-known Scandinavian air, which has been popular in Army marches for many years.

The principal reason for its success makes big demands from an executive standpoint, and only such players as have set themselves the task of developing rapidly of execution, in addition to skill in reading, can hope to negotiate the soloist's part successfully. The music certainly looks rather difficult on paper, but we think that to many it will not prove quite so exacting as at first sight it may appear, and the obstacles will possibly be overcome a little more readily than originally imagined. In any case we have had a number of players who are equal to the executive demands of the music, and we anticipate that ambitious players will not rest satisfied until they are masters of what may be termed the most difficult composition of its kind hitherto published in Salvation Army Band Journals.

Bandmaster G. Marshall, commenting on his new composition, No. 38—Selection—"The Army Spirit," says:

"Some relationship between this selection and "Army of the Brave" will be seen as it is based on the same plan, embodying not a little of the same idiom in the scoring."

The Bandmaster, in his write-up of No. 39—Air, "Varié—"My Homeward Journey," tells us that this piece is the second composition by Bandmaster Leizden, his first being "The Song," being the Seattle March, B.J. 910. The theme adopted for varied treatment is not yet quite so familiar with us as among the Scandinavians, nevertheless, it affords ample facilities for the creative kind of work usually associated with this style of composition.

It is designed to meet the requirements of Musical Festivals, and we sincerely trust that it will be speedily taken up wherever possible.

### LIPPINCOTT BAND CHEERS OLD FOLKS

On Thursday evening, August 11th, the Lippincott Band, at the invitation of "The Ladies' Sunshine Club," visited the House of Industry, and rendered a most attractive and instrumental concert. The two hundred inmates formed a most attentive and appreciative audience. The Band program included "In to Victory," "Wearside" and "March" marches, the selection, "Saved and Kept," and the song, "Yesterday, Today, forever." A vocal solo by Bandman Jack Morrison, a recitation by Bandman Hutton, and a trombone solo by Bandman Gemmill were the individual items. The playing of some old hymn tunes contained in a program which was enjoyed by all present.

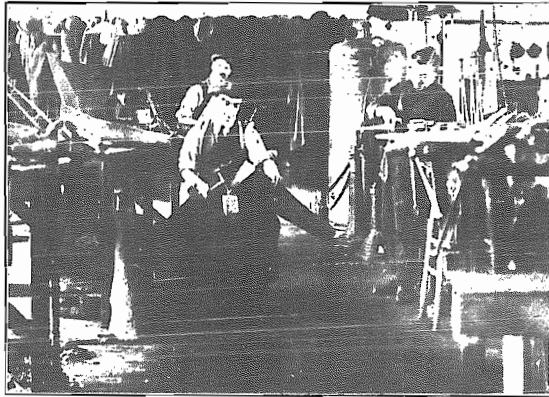
### II—HAND PROCESSES DESCRIBED

BUILT on the outskirts of the historic city of St. Albans, in the midst of green fields, with the clean breezes from the Hertfordshire hills blowing through many windows, the St. Albans instrument factory is certainly an ideal workshop.

Having in mind the interest with which our readers regard anything connected with brass instruments, and the air of mystery which, to the uninitiated, surrounds their manufacture

entailed in the construction.

Every brass instrument was once part of a flat sheet of brass and sundry straight tubes. The shaping of the bell comes first. The brass sheet, as received from the foundry, is cut to a pattern and according to the type of instrument required, and then beaten by hand into cylindrical form, and afterwards spun on a steel mandrel whose shape, etc., has been determined by much expert experi-



One of the Hand Processes—Hammering the Bells

ture, we purpose giving a short, untechnical description of the various processes. They will be the impressions of one unfamiliar with mechanical manufacture, but if they serve the purpose of adding ever so slightly to the education of Army Bandsmen, the attempt will not be fruitless.

#### Slow and Laborious

The predominant impression received by a visit to the Salvationist Publishing and Supplies, Ltd., Instrument Factory is the immense amount of hand labor which the manufacture of brass instruments entails. From the cutting of the sheet brass to the final buffing, machine operations appertain to be subsidiary to hand processes. This is necessitated by the intricate build of the instruments and made possible by the nature of the material used. Even in the polishing, essentially a mechanical process, it is not possible for the swiftly revolving mops to act upon the intricate tangle of piston-cases, knuckles, and slides contained in the neighborhood of the valves.

Slow and laborious but efficient and thorough hand polishing must bring the surface of such awkward corners to the desired state of shining splendor. This fact answers a long-standing and widespread question among Bandsmen. Handling a new euphonium or bass, one is inclined to ask why it should cost almost as much as a cottage piano. The answer lies in the knowledge that the whole surface of the instrument has been accurately hammered, filed, scraped, polished, fitted to very careful measurement over and over again, by hand alone, before its completion. The cost of material is out of all proportion to the days of labor

and observation. All bells, except those of the cornet, require a gusset-piece to complete the cylindrical shape. Cornet bells are small enough in circumference to allow of the metal being turned over without bulging. The meeting edges of the metal, now shaped into a quickly-tapering tube, opening into the bell at one end, are brazed together with spelter. The gusset is exactly fitted and treated in the same way. The edges of the joint are cut to overlap at intervals, so that a perfect fusion of the metal takes place in the welding. On many unplayed instruments the gusset can be clearly seen in the bell, outlined by a reddish-brown scum, the color being caused by the fusing of the spelter into the brass.

#### A Tedious Process

The tedious process of hammering the bell into shape is not continuous, as brass, when worked upon, becomes hard. It has, therefore, to be frequently annealed, so that it may remain ductile. From the beating and brazing processes the bell goes to a lathe, where it is spun on the steel shape mentioned before, and the rim is turned over an iron wire being placed inside the turn of the rim. This serves the double purpose of finishing off the instrument in appearance and substantially strengthening the bell. Then follows one of the long hand processes which makes instrument production so expensive, "tip to the turning of the rim the brass has been in its crude, unpolished state as it is received from the foundry. After, while the bell is on the lathe, it is turned all over to take out any hammer marks which may be apparent.

(To be continued)

Thumb-Nail Sketches of the Masters.

### NO. 7—WEBER, CARL MARIE VON

Born, 1786; died, 1826.

Weber shares with Schubert the honor of having founded the "romantic" school of music. His influence as a composer has not affected the literature for the piano, as much as it has furthered the advancement of orchestral technique. However, in his piano compositions he aimed to free the old musical forms from their early restrictions.

On his romantic operas chiefly rests his fame. The overture to "Der Freischütz," "Euryanthe," and "Oberon" are still the show pieces of every virtuoso orchestra and conductor.

### THE CORRECT USE OF THE TONGUE IN SINGING AND PLAYING

In singing and in the playing of a wind instrument alike, the proper use of the tongue is of great importance. To the singer, the correct use of the tongue determines, in a large measure, the character of the tone and articulation.

If the tongue be allowed to rise too high in the mouth, the tone will be muffled and articulation will be obstructed. If the tongue be allowed to be passive at the bottom of the mouth, enunciation and tone will be damaged, as the activity of the tongue is essential to the proper articulation of many words. As a backward position of the tongue makes the tone guttural, and articulation is lacking in clearness, a too passive tongue, as well as one too rigid, will produce corresponding and equally objectionable defects. It is evident that the singer needs to study with care the use of the tongue.

#### Foundation of Good Playing

In the playing of a wind instrument, the tongue in an elastic starts the sound by a forward movement of the stroke, by which means either the column of air in the instrument, or the reed is put in vibration to produce the desired sound. In playing the flute, and also all instruments used in brass Bands, the correct action of the tongue is of the greatest importance. It seeks to spit a hair or a crumb of bread from its tip, bringing the fore part of the tongue between the somewhat drawn in and compressed lips, so that the tip guides and forces the air through the small opening of the lips still left between the corners of the lips. This action lies at the foundation of good playing.

A good tone, and smart, clear, fluent, easy playing, are only acquired by correct use of the tongue, and this must be cultivated by players of accompanying instruments as well as by those responsible for solo parts. Good attack in Band playing cannot be achieved in any other way, and bright, energetic playing springs from this source.

Double tonguing is the name given to a double action of the tongue, as for quick reiterations of a note, and the action is as in pronouncing tucker or ticker.

Triple tonguing is a triple action of the tongue for the quick rendering of triplets, and the action is as in pronouncing ticks, ticks, ticks, or being produced by the back of the tongue striking the soft palate.

# GOD AND MEN AND TOM GLOREM

Some Inspiring Memories concerning a Salvation Army Stalwart

A NEW SHORT SERIAL BY LIEUT.-COLONEL WILLIAM NICHOLSON

## CHAPTER II

### Tom's Originality

**SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTER**  
Tom Glorem, a big rough miner, attracted to the Army through a bar-room conversation, was wonderfully converted. He at once became an enthusiastic Soldier and took a bold stand everywhere for Jesus. He had some very original ideas; among others he always called the Captain "Kiddle."

TOM knew nothing about the age-long lists and isms of religion. He just knew that he had made a full surrender. He had let go all that was bad and devilish, and had prayed in faith for God to save him, and Christ had become real to him as the Great Forgiver; and with his big, strong right hand stretching out he had gripped hold of the eternal reality, and from that instant he felt that even his good wife Sarah must not stand between him and God. Ever after—if any man did—Tom Glorem, as light came to him, went straight on, considering only what was the will of His Master, and what was His thought concerning him.

### Joy for Sorrow

Every town has its story of lives betrayed. Tom's town — though not as bad as some—was no exception. So when he found that the girl at Kelton's had been left stranded—her so-called friends having stampeded when they heard of her trouble—Tom spoke in such a manly way to his wife that, for the love that was born in her heart — she had no child of her own — to her everlasting honor he said, she went straight to the girl in the hour of her distress, and brought joy to her by saying that her home was open to her, and she said it in such a way that the girl felt that not only was she to have a home, but she was to have love and sympathy too.

Then Tom set off and found the lad, and stuck by him, and helped him, and that act not only helped to set the wedding bells ringing, but it brought joy to Tom and his wife, and as the years passed the lad and the lass and their healthy family made the evening of their lives bright with happy laughter.

### A Novel Jersey

With utter disregard for the opinion of others, Tom Glorem over went his own way. This came out in the matter of his uniform. Instead of a tunic, whenever possible, he wore a red Jersey with texts on back and front. Around his neck he wore a red Army handkerchief, suitably knotted. Surely no Flag-Sergeant elsewhere could have taken more pride in or displayed more care for the colors than he did. Though he collected for the flag, it was an open secret that he was the principal donor, a secret let out by his wife, and it troubled him that she had thought it well to tell how much he had given. But that was just like Tom.

When a great knee-driller he was! Though his week day work kept him hard at it early and late, and he had his allotment to see to, and the pigs

and poultry, and goodness knows what else beside; week day and Sunday, from the hour of his conversion, he put in full time for his Master, and Knee-drill was a joy to him.

As a rule at half-past six I heard his voice drawing nearer and nearer to the little quarters cottage at the foot of the hill. The whole district knew who it was. In a spirit of bolsterous reverence his voice would announce his presence by singing—  
"His Blood can make the vilest clean."

### The Signal

Presently, a handful of fine gravel at the bedroom window would let me know that Tom had really arrived; then came the jovial shout of "Now then, Kiddle, it's time to get on with the job"; and off he would go to other comrades continuing his self-imposed task of sounding the call to prayer, and from sundry slanting roofs of the company's cottages, heads would emerge through the tiny window of the attic, and there would be a grin and an ejaculation such as, "It's only Tom Glorem!"

With the stove glowing and the gas-jet flaring, on Winter Sunday mornings, I remember him best. What a picture he presented as he stood up amongst us while we sat round the stove for the early morning prayer meeting! With his grizzled beard and gleaming silver hair as the whole six feet of him stood up he would, so to speak, throw down the gauntlet to our faith, and challenge us to put God to the test.

Once, he dared us, and we faltered. Then he all but jeered at us for our want of faith, and declared he himself would not sleep that night until souls had been saved as a result of the Corps' effort. What he had said leaked out and miners made bets on it, and wanted to see if anyone would get saved, and, falling that, they wanted to know what Tom Glorem would do.

I did my best that night when I made the appeal, but I am afraid there was a note of anxiety lost there should be no surrender. That was the fact, no one came out. When, at long last, the lights were being lowered, Tom Glorem himself went to the penitential-form, and held on in desperate faith. "And I believe; same's I've been doin' all day. You know I do."

It was an anxious situation, moreover, as we all were tired out and wanted to go home.

Just then, full of smiles and contentment, Jonas, of the Juniors, came in, and, growing serious at once, asked what was the matter with

Tom. When he was told, he brightened up and said: "Let me speak to him a minute."

What he said we did not know at once, but it had an electrical effect upon Tom, who sprang to his feet and shouted for joy, and praised God for the wonderful way He had been saving the Young People in the Juniors' Hall. "Here we've been expectin' God to do it our way, and He's done it His way."

"Come on, Jonas," he called to the bringer of the good news, "help me on with my coat. I want to get home to Sarah and tell her all the good news," and the news was carried down underground, and all the miners said that Tom was right.

### Tom's Hard Shots

In the Open-air Tom excelled all in readiness to speak, and in the originality of his method of approach, and there was many a nod and many a laugh from the men who stood around as Tom's points went home. It is impossible for me to put the fire and fervor and conviction all felt in the words when he cried:

"If you like to go to Hell, you can, men; as for me, I'm going to Heaven."

And there would be a return to

thing—and always on the side of the angels — and when, as so often happened, men were carried down the hillside, dead, or maimed, he had a big, strong, comforting way with him in the quarter where it was most needed. So, with all his outspokenness, many loved him, and, certainly, many who were in sin and sorrow and shame went to him, and, however great the burden, they came away from his little cottage with lighter hearts; and in all this Sarah, his good wife, took her part worthily.

### A Tower of Strength

More than once, when I needed it, he proved a tower of strength to me, and, now and then, I looked in sometimes of an evening, before Open-air time, in order to have a chat with him, especially when we stood in his street. Generally, he would then be sitting at the table end by the little cottage window, where he had his evening meal, facing the door, which opened direct from the street.

At such times, his meal over, he would be sitting with a large-print Bible open before him, with his cheek resting on the palm of his hand, and his spectacles perched towards the tip of his nose. The picture may suggest the saintly patriarch. If it does, it intensifies fire, for despite his years, he was still big and strong, and, by no means un-vikorous in appearance.

(To be continued)

## WHAT IS HAPPINESS?

(Continued from page 2)

God, and it means the eradication of selfishness. With God as your Father, Jesus as your Saviour and Elder Brother, and the Holy Spirit your Teacher and Sanctifier, every man will be seen to be your brother and become the object of your joyful, selfless service. You will know happiness, bubbling up within yourself as inevitably as spring water comes from the heart of Mother Nature, and you will cause it to flow out in abundant blessing upon all those with whom your daily relations may bring you.

You ask, how is this tuning brought about; whence is this restoration of relations with God, with its attendant harmony and the fountain of happiness within?

Very simply, but very wonderfully. By the mercy and love of God all men are called from their diverse wanderings to the Throne of Free Grace, where, by confession of sin, pardon complete, and Salvation is given to all who ask in the Name of Jesus, the Saviour who died for all sinners. And with your sins blotted out, the cause of discord is gone.

There is no use in seeking in any other way. Ask God to renew a right spirit within you, and, if you will forsake all evil, you shall find lasting happiness.



Tom's wife went to her in her distress



**T**HE life of every Salvation Army Officer is filled with interesting events, but it falls to the lot of few to pass through such varied experiences as are recounted by Commandant Ronaldson of India, who is now furloughing in Toronto.

The Commandant came out of Edinburgh thirty years ago, and for seven years was a Field Officer on her native heath. Then three years of ill-health kept her away from the front of the battle, but in 1907 she was again ready for service anywhere, and was appointed to the Women's Social Work in Germany.

Her work there was associated with many places, the names of which were made familiar to us by the newspapers during war days.

Her first appointment was as Assistant to the Berlin Rescue Home, then

When you have a chat over the fence, just pop this WAR CRY into your neighbor's hands.

a short stay in a similar capacity at Hamburg, after which she had charge of a Creche at Pforzheim, which was best known as the home of many of the wealthiest families in Germany. Then came two years at Straßburg (Alsace-Lorraine) which, it will be recalled, was restored to France by the peace of 1918.

### Exciting Days

The task to which she was next assigned was the opening of a Rescue Home at Koenigsberg; this name means "King's Mountain," and it was at the fortress here that all the kings of Prussia were formerly crowned.

## "I'll Tell Him You Sent Me"

### HOW THE DOCKER PASSED OUT

**"Y**OUNG JACK," as they called him in distinguishing him from his uncle, rose from his knees with a wondrous emotion thrilling him through and through.

Alf was gone, and they had sent for the ambulance. And the fact of the lad's passing into the vestibule of the Palace of the King. But the gang, standing about, sensed nothing of this.

A gang of dockside laborers, they were probably no worse than those to be found in any seaport. They drank, and swore, and did the many things which cannot be spoken of. And "Young Jack" introduced a new element into their common life.

He had joined The Salvation Army, and the difference in him was very marked. He was a silent, but constant, rebuke to the others, of whom his uncle took the lead in engineering petty persecutions.

Only three weeks ago Jack made his first convert—Alf, the youngest member of the gang, who was going to the Devil fast. Twice in the first week he "slipped," and others scot-

# A BOOK OF ADVENTURE

Could hardly prove more eventful than the career of Commandant Ronaldson, an Army "Cosmopolitan," now furloughing in Canada from India

The path of duty now led back to the Home at Hamburg as Matron, and it was at this appointment that the fateful month of August, 1914, found her, and brought her more than her share of the difficulties of that time.

Brigadier Prescott, who later saw service in Canada and Newfoundland, was the Divisional Commander at Hamburg of the same time, and by some oversight orders to leave the country did not reach them until two weeks after the others of foreign nationality were safely away.

Then came the hurried departure, with all belongings except hand luggage left behind, the repeated examination of passports, police surveillance every minute, luggage searched again and again, until the journey to the Danish border, which ordinarily required 16 hours was extended to 40 hours.

### Easily Told, But—

But their troubles were not yet over. They found a small coasting steamer bound for England, and duly embarked, but a few hours later they were stopped by a German submarine and escorted into Heligoland. After submitting to a thorough search, they were allowed to proceed, only to be again stopped and ordered back to Hamburg, from whence they had started. It would require a book to tell all their experiences at that time, but eventually they arrived at Leith, Scotland, where the Commandant promptly launched on another series of adventures as a worker in the Military Camps of Great Britain.

After six years of this came the call to Missionary service, and our comrade was soon on the way to India to take charge of the Rescue Home at Bombay.

During her seven years as a missionary she has had experiences as varied as any which preceded them. She has lived in a village mud hut with her nearest European neighbor thirty-five miles away; has been a district Officer in charge of a number of villages; has experienced an Indian famine, when food and water

were more precious than gold; has ministered to sufferers from plague, when one in every ten of the population of a village died within a year, and has worked among prisoners and ex-prisoners. But her work has recently been confined to Bombay, where she has found abundant scope for all her energies. The Rescue Home there is a veritable haven where shelter is found by many souls who have been unequal to the terri-



Commandant Ronaldson

ble battle against evil which rages in every Indian city; souls who have sinned and been sinned against are equally welcome, and the same love is lavished on all.

It is gratifying to hear that a large measure of success attends these efforts; that the seed sown is bearing fruit of righteousness in the lives of many who have been rescued from sin; that marching in the ranks of the redeemed to the Eternal City are many fighting Soldiers recruited from this unpromising field, who at last will arise up and call her blessed who has given of her time and service for their Salvation.

## A STUDY IN BROWN

(Continued from page 6)

His hearers watched him as he spoke, with brown eyes revealing nothing of their thoughts; but what a study they made! The old man his head like a shrivelled walnut, might have spent a thousand years between the cruel millstones of loveless Time, until every vestige of humanity had been squeezed out of him. Beside him sat a youth whose lovely form would have captured the heart of any sculptor, his Javanese head-cloth twisted with careless grace over a broad and noble brow. Eyes soft as a deer's, their burning fires lurked in their deepening. From slender throat down to his long finger-tips his brown shoulder and arm drooped in perfect repose until, as we watched, the fingers suddenly tightened on the tattered Song-Book he held. What word had caused that quick reaction in so restful a frame?

More singing. The Adjutant's cornet began to represent truly heroic effort. More testimony, familiar family-like talking, with nothing of the cold impressiveness of an English prison meeting in the atmosphere. Every now and again a man would suddenly rise to his feet and, jumping between his comrades, leave the crowd. The warders stood watchfully in the background, but did not intrude. The Army was running this affair! As the meeting proceeded, the consciousness that this was a prison gathering and that every one in brown had committed some grave offence—a considerable number were murderers—gradually faded. But nothing could distract attention from the face of the perfectly moulded Javanese youth.

### Kneeling Before God

Something had happened behind that beautiful exterior, for when the Adjutant asked any who desired to serve God to kneel at the rough table in the centre of the square, that in the crowd, the crowd, the crowd, just his brown sarong, and stepped out of the crowd toward the penitentiary. Warders looked on from the rear. The gallery crowd poked their heads still further through the bars, anxious to see the cause of the movement in the crowd, the crowd, the crowd, entered into a chorus. The last time we had heard it was in a late Open-air at a London street corner, with as many people there as here, and the contrast and likeness caught us sharply in the throat. The sun suddenly found a crack in the cloudy sky, thrust beams of violent light in amid the dozen brown figures kneeling before God.

"Do they understand?" The Adjutant's eyes were clouded for a moment.

"We do our best," he said. "The Sergeant will speak to each one of these men individually during the next day or two, and I will come and have interviews with them all. We teach them, pray with them, and have faith for them, and many do really enter into a knowledge of Salvation. Their hearts are changed."

"If we could only follow them up when they go away!" he said. "They leave the prison and are taken by the Government back to their own kampungs (native villages) into the midst of families who, if they have any religion at all, are animists or Mohammedans. Some we keep in touch with. I will tell you some stories! The others we lose sight of and can only hope that this glimpse of a new and higher life will remain with them. We could do with a Prisoners' Aid Department in Java," he added. "There are such great possibilities. But then, with a wry smile, 'we want so many things.'"

### HOLIDAYS

Be joyous without vulgarity, friendly with presumption, without license, generous without ostentation. Let not the unaccustomed liberty and surroundings rob you of your highest ideals of personal conduct. Be glad so that your memory of the holiday shall be as joyous as your anticipation.

### A SONG OF BATTLE

Sound the battle-cry!  
See, the foe is nigh;  
Raise the standard high  
For the Lord.  
Gird your armour on;  
Stand firm everyone;  
Rest your cause upon  
His holy word.

### CHORUS

Rouse then, Soldiers! Rally round the banner!  
Ready, steady, pass the word along;  
Onward, forward, shout aloud Hosanna!  
Christ is Captain of the mighty throng.  
Strong to meet the foe,  
Marching on we go,  
While our cause we know  
Must prevail.  
Shield and banner bright,  
Gleaming in the light;  
Battling for the right,  
We ne'er can fail.

O Thou God of all,

Hear us when we call,  
Help us one and all,  
By Thy grace!  
When the battle's done,  
And the victory's won,  
May we wear the crown  
Before Thy face.

ed at Jack and advised Alf to "give it up."

Jack fought for Alf, and the two following weeks saw him fling his feet. Only that morning he had been helped to withstand some cruel testing.

The end came without warning. A huge crane swung a load of cases from the hold to the shore. One case slipped from the noose and struck Alf to the ground. They laid him on a couch of sacks in the warehouse.

"I'm afraid you've got it, mate," said he, stooping over. "Yus, mate," and a twisted smile came from Alf.

"But you're ready for it," Alf said. "Yus, thank God!"

"You'll soon be with Him, Alf."

"Yus, mate, and I'll tell Him 'twas you sent me!" A wonderful smile shone on his face, and Alf was gone. This came the thrill to Jack, and this is what, with moistened eyes, he said:—

"Say, boys, I wouldn't sell this for a fortune! He looked straight from nine into the eyes of the Saviour and told Him I sent him home!"

Character Building at Burwash

The Sunday evening services, held at Burwash Industrial Home, have for some time been proving more popular than ever, as is shown by the continual increased attendance. Practically all Protestant inmates and a number of men of other denominations attend, which is very gratifying to Commandant Miller, the Prison Chaplain. Particularly when the attendance of the men is purely voluntary.

On Sunday, August 7th, with an unusually large crowd in the spacious auditorium, the Superintendent, Mr. Fairfull, took up part of the service in delivering a stirring sermon. His final query, "Are you, as individuals, going to be constructive as you go down through life, or are you going to tear down and destroy?" and then his concluding remark, that "any one can tear down, but that it requires a mighty man to build up," started many recitating along new lines. One can readily perceive that this man-building factory at Burwash is accomplishing splendid results in the building up of the characters of men who are industrious of bringing their lives up to a higher standard. That beautiful hymn, "Will you meet me at the Fountain," was sung very effectively by the choir, a special number, that as the last sweet notes floated out on the night air, the Superintendent arose and extolled the men with the circumstances which led up to the composition of the hymn by the late P. P. Bliss.

A further contribution by the choir and then the popular Army Chaplain, Commandant Miller, concluded the service with a few new present day eulic and lamentations, and as a remedy recommended a personal Salvation at all times.

More and more are the men beginning to realize just what they can make of their lives, and mean to them in their futures. It is truly gratifying to the best interests of the world, at the weekly Bible class and choir practices, and the Sunday evening song services.

-A.H.M.

CORNWALL

Adjutant and Mrs. White O'Brien were returned from their furlough and we had good meetings during the week. On Thursday, August 4th, we had Adjutant and Mrs. O'Brien and Captain and Mrs. Tidman with us for meetings which were cheerful and a real help on the way. Brother White, of Montreal, V.I., was also with us during the week-end, and his service with the Band was greatly appreciated. On Sunday, August 6th, Adjutant and Mrs. Browning led the Holiness meeting and much blessing was felt. At Mrs. Browning's invitation White led on and we had a real red-hot Salvation meeting. Scores of God's people were being enjoyed. We spent a very profitable day, in spite of inclement weather, in a successful coming back to the Fold.-C.C. Holden.

UNITED UNDER THE COLORS AT EARLSCOURT

On Wednesday, July 20th, a very interesting ceremony took place in the Earls Court Citadel, the occasion being the wedding of Captain Ada Hamilton and Captain Albert Green. Brigadier Burrows officiated, and the crowd can safely be called a record one which made meeting for Earls Court, who capacity, crowded. Officers are the rule rather than the exception. There were hundreds of people outside the Citadel who, although not able to gain a foothold within the building, waited in eagerness to catch some glimpse of the ceremony or the chief parties concerned.

Captain Brimer was bridesmaid, and the office of best man was filled by Lieutenant Hales. Words of congratulation were voiced by Captain Good, Lieutenant Hales, and Mrs. Brigadier Burrows. Captain Green also spoke.

The Citadel Band was in attendance and enlivened the service with spirited and reasonable music. The front of the platform was adorned with ferns and palms, and after the ceremony the invited guests, to the number of one hundred and fifty, sat down to a tastefully arranged supper in the Young People's Hall.

The happy couple were given an enthusiastic send-off on their honeymoon amid the wishes of their comrades for a very useful and happy future.

THE CLASH OF ARMS MANY GLORIOUS VICTORIES WON BY SOLDIERS WHO ARE BATTLING FOR THE LORD

WHITNEY PIER Captain and Mrs. Mills Salvation fire bursts at Whitney Pier. Wednesday, August 3rd, we were greatly favored and very much blessed by having with us the Officers of the Cape Breton Division. At night, a great Salvation meeting took place, preceded by a rousing Open-air meeting, with fifty-nine in attendance. This naturally attracted a great crowd of anxious listeners, many of whom followed the march back to the Citadel, where a united meeting was held. The Divisional Commander, Major Owen, opened the meeting with an old-time song, after which several testimonies were given by various Officers, including some who were furloughing in Cape Breton. Following this was the dedication of a little baby, Alice Starr Mills, by Major Owen; Commandant Canning, from Newfoundland, prayed very lovingly for the child and parents.

FOREST

Captain Sheppard, Lieut. Kingston On Saturday night a rousing Open-air was conducted by Brigadier Burton, assisted by five Officers who came from Port Frank. Crowds listened to their messages and songs. The Sunday night Open-air and indoor meetings were of blessing to all who attended. Three boys, children of the Officers, sang a trio called, "Will make you fishers of men." Each Officer gave a personal testimony, after which the Brigadier gave a Bible address, which we believe will live with all present.

CHATHAM

Ensign and Mrs. Waters, Lieutenant Spillett On a recent Wednesday we journeyed by truck and car to Government Park and had a very delightful time with the Home League members and the tiny



The splendid Corps Cadet Brigade at Hamilton IV, which Adjutant Alderman, the Corps Officer, speaks of as "a real asset." Two of this group are accepted Candidates, and will be entering the Training Garrison this year; but two other young people will be taking their places in the Brigade.

NAMES, Front row (reading from left): Corps Cadet S. Bourgourd, Assistant Guardian Mrs. Kingdon, Adjutant and Mrs. Alderman, Corps Cadet Guardian Mrs. Dodsworth, Corps Cadet D. Horton, (Second row) Candidate M. De'ATH, J. Bayliss. (Third row): E. Somerleigh, E. Brilerley, Candidate E. Robinson, Corps Cadets A. Banks, L. Brilerley, K. Sturch. (Back row): E. Avis, J. Sturch, S. De'ATH.

SYDNEY

Captain and Mrs. Everett Week-end services were conducted by Major Owen. A good crowd gathered around the Open-air on Saturday night. Sunday's meetings were also well attended. One soul surrendered in the Holiness meeting. After a well-fought-out Prayer meeting on Sunday night, three seekers came forward, one a backslider of many years' standing.

lets. Everything went off splendidly. I am a visitor from the West, and I think we know many things, but we surely have to come to Chatham to find out how to give a picnic. Great credit is due to Secretary Mrs. Chisholm and Treasurer Mrs. Smith and also to the Corps Officers, for the way everything was planned. Every mother enjoyed the day and went home praising the Lord for His goodness. Races for the children and for the young people and older comrades were much enjoyed. God bless the Chatham Home League. May it be my privilege to spend another day with them. -Visitor.

Promising Start at Lunenburg

At the opening of Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, on August 14th, the townspeople extended a warm-hearted welcome to The Army. Immense crowds at Open-air services. The official opening was conducted by Major Ritchie, Divisional Commander, assisted by Mrs. Ritchie, and also Captain Sprks and Lieutenant Vey, the Officers appointed to open the Corps. Three young women voluntarily surrendered. Hall filled to capacity. Future promising.

Visitors to Sunny Bermuda

HAMILTON, BERMUODA Commandant and Mrs. Gillingham Since the opening of the re-constructed "Old" sections of the Citadel have been experienced and almost every week has seen seekers after God. This has also been seen in the Open-air. On a recent Monday evening, two seekers burst at the drum-head, one a lad from London, England, who had drifted away from God, he left the Open-air for his boat declaring his intention to spend his future life for

We have also been favored with visiting Officers, who are new to the Dominion, but now working in the Eastern and Southern Territories of the United States. The first was Commandant Roberts, who conducted the services on Sunday, July 2nd. Although the hottest day of the season, it did not prevent large crowds attending in different sections of the Citadel at night six of the "teen age boys" knelt at the mercy-seat. The service closed with great rejoicing for blessings received.

The next week-end brought along Captain Victor Doughty, another Bermudian product. The Captain gave some inspiring addresses, as well as object lessons to the Young People. Captain Doughty has made many converts in the territory to see his earnest efforts for the Salvation of souls. In this week-end a great number came very near and two seekers knelt at the Altar.

As trust our comrades-Officers will enjoy their furlough in their native land, and go back to their duties with great inspiration because of renewed acquaintance with "Sunny Bermuda."

WELLAND

Captain and Mrs. Knaap The Welland Corps was favored with a visit from the Hamilton Band on Sunday night. During the day the Band took part in six Open-airs. In the Holiness meeting the talk given by Rev. De'ATH and the testimony by the various Bandsmen brought much blessing and inspiration to those who had gathered together. The Musical Festival in the park was a real treat. His Worship Mayor Anderson made a splendid address. The night meeting was held in the City Theatre, and though there were no visible results, there is no doubt that the Bible lesson by Band-Sergeant Mills brought conviction to many. The Band, for its final engagement, went again to Merritt Park, where the crowd who had gathered listened to a program of Salvation music.

PARLIAMENT STREET

Ensign Page, Lieutenant Cordy We have had our Officers here, and are going in for some blessed times together. We have also welcomed into our midst Commandant and Mrs. Bradbury, who are proving themselves a great help in our Corps. Last Sunday we had a very good day. From the evening, when we met for knee-grill, until the evening service, we felt the presence of God near us, especially on Sunday night, when we had the joy of seeing three souls come to God. May God bless these comrades. We are believing that He will help us to catch the Devil and break up his Kingdom.

SUMMERSIDE, P.E.I.

Lieutenants Beech and Hollingsworth (to be) held blessing our Corps. Our week-night attendances are increasing. Recent week-end meetings have been times of blessing, and God's Spirit has been felt. Last Sunday, after a very impressive address by Lieutenant Everett, one soul, long under conviction, sought our aid in baptism, and another gave a glowing testimony to having found God a few hours previous to our meeting. Prayers for our comrades. We believe for better times ahead.-C.C. Augie MacNeill.

EARLSCOURT'S GREAT WEEK-END THE COMMISSIONER Will present a trio of Salvation Army Notables: BANDMASTER H. W. TWITCHIN, Sergeant-Major Axford and Secretary Islip. Saturday, September 3rd, 2.30 p.m. Christie Street Hospital. Sunday, September 4th, 9.45 a.m. Mount Pleasant Cemetery. Tickets now on sale for Hygeia Hall Festival. Unreserved Seats, 25c. Seats in reserved sections of Hall, 50c.



# The Realm of Home



## "I'M VERY HAPPY AT HOME"

### A SONG FROM THE TUB

Queen of my tub, I merrily sing,  
While the white foam rises high;  
And sturdily wash, and rinse, and wring,  
And fasten the clothes to dry;  
Then out in the free, fresh air they swing,  
Under the sunny sky.

I wish we could wash from our hearts  
and souls

The stains of the week away,  
And let water and air by their magic  
make

Ourselves as pure as they;  
Then on earth there would be indeed  
A glorious washing-day.

Oh, then, I recall the story so old,  
I learned at mother's knee,  
Of a Saviour leaving the Glory Land  
To live on the earth like me;  
Who toiled, who loved, who suffered,  
And died on Calvary.

Along the path of a useful life  
Will heartease ever bloom;  
The busy mind has no time to think  
Of sorrow, or care, or gloom;  
And anxious thoughts may be swept  
away

As we busily wield a broom.  
I am glad a task to me is given,  
To labor day by day,  
For it brings me health, and strength,  
and hope,

And I cheerfully learn to say:  
"Head, you may think, and heart you  
may feel,  
But hand, you shall work away."

### TO REMOVE FRUIT STAINS

To remove fruit stains from table-cloths and napkins never cover with salt, as so often you are told to do; but, before sending the cloths to the wash, put a kettle of water on the fire. When the water boils fast, place the stained spot on the cloth over a basin so that it falls into a casklike position, then take the kettle of boiling water and pour the water over the spots. They will entirely disappear.

### HARMLESS FLY PAPER

Melt some resin and add enough cotton seed oil to give it the consistency of honey. When cool spread on sheets of strong brown paper cut into convenient sizes. It is then ready for use.

M. C. Way-White, Chapleau.

### TO KEEP CHEESE FRESH

Wrap cheese in cloth dampened with vinegar and place in covered dish.

**P**AIN is one of the conditions of our being. Pain is something nobody escapes. All life is rich in pain, as the throat of the mavis, in the spring, is rich in song—the pain of striving, the pain of being baffled, the pain of being misunderstood.

There was a time in Principal Rainy's life when he was the best-hated man in Scotland. Scarce a week passed in which the newspapers had not some venomous attack upon him. And all the time, neither in face nor temper did Rainy show one trace of irritation, but carried himself with a

beautiful serenity. One day Dr. Whyte met him and said, "Rainy, I cannot understand you. How do you manage to keep serene like this, exposed to all these venomous attacks?" "Whyte, I'm very happy at home."

The wounds were deep, but there were hands at home that were always pouring balm into the wounds; gentle, kindly ministries at home that mitigated and alleviated pain. And how many there are in every rank of life who find their courage to endure in secret, sweet comforting like that.

### IS BREAD RICHER THAN CAKE?

#### Housewives Should Read This

A study of analytical food values quoted from "Baking Technology" by "American Medicine" (New York) shows several interesting results, and compels a revision of the usual ideas as to the nutritive value of cake as compared with bread:—

"While cake is commonly described

physiologically it is converted to simple sugars by intestinal juices, the ultimate effect of eating cake with a sugar content of from 14 to 25 per cent, and a starch content of 15 per cent, is no different from that produced by eating bread with a lower sugar and a higher starch content. The fat content of cake is higher than that of bread.

"But bread is rarely eaten except when spread with fat. In practice therefore far less fat is consumed with cake containing butter-fat as a

## COURAGE!

"By 'Courage' I mean that quality which makes a man do the duty he sees before him, although the doing of it may be painful, and the consequences of doing it may be more painful still.

"We want a courage that will acknowledge Christ—the Christ of the New Testament—the Christ who was down upon shame, and hyperisies, and luxuries, and selfishness, the Christ of the Cross—the Christ who is coming again to be the Judge of the quick and the dead.

"We want a courage that will look the world—that hates Him still, and would crucify Him again—in the face and say fearlessly, 'I am on His side, and I glory in it, and I will make you come over to Him if I can.'—THE FOUNDER.

as a 'rich' food and so unsuitable for children, the facts are to the contrary. Cake, made as it is from flour, eggs, sugar and butter, is no richer than its component parts, all of which, when used in proper amounts, are excellent foods, and all of which in other forms constitute an important part of the diet of children. The protein content of cake, due to the use of flour with a weaker gluten content, is somewhat lower than bread.

"The sucrose or sugar content is higher both because of the sweetness of the cake and the frosting commonly applied to the top. But the sugar content is not as high as that of other sweet foods and is less than a third as high as in candies, and since

component than when buttered bread is eaten. Indeed, in actual practice buttered bread has more than twice the fat content of cake. When the customary measure of the calory value is applied to cake and bread it is found that there is very little difference between these two staple foods.

"They are both high in carbohydrate content, but they also contain considerable protein, varying amounts of calcium and phosphorus, vitamins in accord with the milk and egg and butter-fat used in the formulas, and a total energy value higher than any other staple food which is adapted to generous use at every meal."

### SMALL REMAINDERS OF FRUIT

It often happens at this time of the year that a housekeeper has a small quantity of various kinds of fruit, and not enough of any kind to make a separate dish. These "odds and ends" may be the product of her garden or may be left over from the day before.

**Fruit Conde** is a good dish to choose. Cook some rice in milk until it has absorbed all the liquid, and then make into a firm flat shape. On this arrange the fruit you have. Bananas cut in half make a good barricade round the edge, and the other fruits may be piled up in the centre. Decorate with whipped cream.

**Fruit Whip**—Small quantities of strawberries or raspberries, or both, can be mashed and whipped stiffly with a little powdered sugar and white of egg. Allow an egg for each half-pound of fruit. Pile the whip in individual glasses, first putting in each a small piece of sponge cake, separate course.

**Fruit Salad**—Make a thick syrup and serve the fruit in this, with cream and sponge fingers, or make it into a savoury salad. For this crisp lettuce leaves are needed, and some creamy mayonnaise. Almost any fruit may be used in this way, and nuts, too, can be added if desired. Decorate with glace cherries and serve as a separate course.

### EAT MORE FRUITS

In summertime fruit cools the blood, prevents and corrects anaemia, and supplies iron and part of the necessary vitamins essential to a well-balanced diet.

Bananas, fresh figs, grapes, and plums are food-fruits. Oranges aid digestion, apples act as a tonic, and assist in purifying the blood. When purchasing, discard over-ripe fruit, which causes fermentation in the stomach, and sometimes colic. Upripe fruit is most indigestible.

### SPADES WANTED

An address was once given on the words: "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" The talk did good to many among whom was a sister, who accosted the speaker next day with the words: "Sir, I want a spade."

There are sick visitation spades. Prayer meeting spades, testimony spades, instrumental spades, etc. Who will apply for them?—for there is lots of work to be done in the Master's vineyard.

## THE SALVATION ARMY TRADE DEPARTMENT

### YOUNG PEOPLE'S SUPPLIES

Authorized and Revised Bibles (with References and Indexes, etc.)

Bible Stories for Children, in Booklets, 10 for 25c.

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### SOMETHING

#### NEW

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WITH LETTERING  
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FOR ASSISTANT  
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Place Your Order Now.

THE TRADE SECRETARY

20 Albert Street, Toronto 2, Ontario



We are looking for you... The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe...

GORMAN, William—Age 52; height 5 ft. 6 in.; fair hair (turning grey); blue eyes; fair complexion; steel-worker or gardener; took up farming in 1914...

MONK, Henry Clifford—Missed from his home since Monday, August 14, 1927. He has not been heard of since. Age 29; 5 ft. 10 in.; dark curly hair; T. R. A. C. member...

OENEAR, Jacobus (James)—Mother in Holland anxious to get in touch with her son who was employed by C.P.R. Car Department, Redditt, MacFarlane Island.

SHORE, John—Age 52 years; height 5 ft. 6 in.; laborer in iron foundry in England, but took up farming in Canada; native of Manchester, England...

ROBAR, Lesander Montford—Age 42 years; height 5 ft. 9 in.; brown hair and eyes; fair complexion; born in Nova Scotia; farming four years in St. John's Bay.

JARHESON, Wilfred John—Age 47 years; married; dark hair; bright blue eyes; right arm broken and wrist bound with seal skin; teeth missing and nose missing; left wife and cripple boy January 31st, 1927. News is urgently needed.

JORGENSEN, Theodor Julius—About 83 years of age; medium height; blue eyes; blue eyes; one time confectioner in Toronto. Sister most anxious for news.

FREEMAN, Charles—About 35 years of age; height 5 ft. 6 in.; medium weight; dark hair; dark grey eyes; Heirloom farmer; lumberman; came from Liverpool, England; married; one child lived in Saint John, N.B., and then went to U.S. Brother most anxious for information.

EYLWARD, William and John—May be a brother of the above. They were sent out from Toronto. Home to farmers about fifty years ago; were known as EYLWARD, Ontario. Any information will be appreciated. News to their advantage awaits them. 16590

OCEAN TRAVEL Officers, Soldiers and Sailors of the Salvation Army... THE RESIDENT SECRETARY, 1225 University St., Montreal.

A Tonic in Reserve For the Herald's Medicine Chest when the Devil says WAR CRY Booming is Wasted Energy

DO YOU need a tonic? Booming is depressing work at times—perhaps for the simple reason that you cannot always see results. The best of us get "stale," tried, and disappointed...

CRY and, as he took it, the girl glanced into his face, straight into his eyes—perhaps unconsciously—but at that moment, to quote his own words, "My soul seemed to shrink before that pure gaze!"

OUR PLAN OF CAMPAIGN CHAMPION—Montreal 1,100 RUNNER-UP—Halifax 850 GO-GETTERS HAMILTON IV 605 WINDSOR I 350 RIVERDALE 600 ST. THOMAS 325

DARE-ALLS PORT COLBORNE 290 GALT 225 H. H. HIEK II 285 GLACE BAY 225 TRURO 275 ST. JOHN 225

HAPPY HUSTLERS DARTMOUTH 185 EAST TORONTO 150 LISGAR STREET 180 HOWNTREE 155 BELLEVILLE 180 COBOURG 155 OWEN SOUND 180 BROCKVILLE 150

Perhaps, therefore, comrade-Heralds, you might care to put the following incident in your

Spiritual Medicine-chest as a stand-by for the moment when that hopeless feeling seizes upon your soul; for the time when the Devil suggests to you that your "booming" is wasted energy. It is an account of a wonderful conversion, given by a converted drink-slave.

A Funny Yarn, however, and took no notice of the visitor until his wife asked him to buy a copy. Turning round he saw, standing in the midst of that exhibition of passion and drunkenness, two young Army women, each carrying a bundle of papers. Around them men and women were laughing, quarrelling, or singing, just as the drink affected them. He bought a WAR

GO-GETTERS (continued) 605 WINDSOR I 350 600 ST. THOMAS 325 555 HAMILTON III 315 550 SHERBROOKE 315 525 LIPPINCOTT 300 520 SARNIA 300 490 BRADFORD 300 490 SAINT JOHN I 300

DARE-ALLS (continued) 290 GALT 225 285 GLACE BAY 225 275 ST. JOHN 225 275 ST. GEORGES (Bermuda) 225 275 SAULT STE. MARIE II 225 275 FORCYP TEMPLAR 210 275 WOODSTOCK (ONT.) 210 275 OTTAWA III 210 275 WEST TORONTO 200 275 SAULT STE. MARIE I 200 275 MONTREAL IV 200 275 JAPANFORTH 200 275 CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I. 200 275 YARMOUTH 200 275 STRATFORD 200 275 CHATHAM (ONT.) 200 275 WINDSOR II 200 275 SAINT JOHN II 200 275 BRIDGEBURG 200 275 NORTH BAY 200

HAPPY HUSTLERS (continued) 185 EAST TORONTO 150 180 HOWNTREE 155 180 COBOURG 155 180 BROCKVILLE 150 175 OTTAWA II 150 170 WALLACEBURG 150 170 GRAND FALLS (NHG.) 150 170 LEAMINGTON 150 170 WINDSOR N.B. 150 170 SPRINGHILL MINES 150 155 WELAND 150 155 NEWCASTLE 150

COMING EVENTS Lieut.-Commissioner Maxwell

- Earls-court—Sat.-Sun., Sept. 3-4. Doverscourt—Tues., Sept. 20. Brantford—Sat.-Sun., Oct. 1-2. COLONEL TAYLOR: Sault Ste. Marie, Sun., Aug. 28; Sudbury, Mon., Aug. 29. LIEUT.-COLONEL McAMMOND: Barrie, Sat.-Sun., Aug. 27-28; Orillia, Mon., Aug. 29. MAJOR CAMERON: North Bay, Sat., Aug. 27. MAJOR LEWIS: Lippincott, Sun., Sept. 11. MAJOR OWEN: Sydney Mines, Fri.-Sat., Aug. 26-27. MAJOR RITCHIE: Eilershow, Thurs., Aug. 25. STAFF-CAPTAIN RICHARDS: Halifax II, Fri., Aug. 26; Windsor, Sat.-Sun., Aug. 27-28. STAFF-CAPTAIN URSAKI: Amherst, Sat.-Sun., Aug. 27-28; Dorchester, Sun., Aug. 28. COMMANDANT ASH: Orillia, Sat.-Sun., Mon., Aug. 27-28-29.

(Continued from column 1) RANCH, Jay—Married, with wife and two small children. Thought to be in U.S. returned at foot of column 1 and 2) Toronto; is connected and interested in race tracks; did work at Birckett Stables, Thorncliffe. Should anyone know anything about this man, please write at once. 16337 McGREGOR, James—Left his home in Maloneville about a week ago; his brother is very anxious to find him. Age 40 years; height 5 ft. 8 in.; light brown hair; grey eyes. Should this meet the eye, please communicate. WHEATLEY, Ivan—Age 55 years; came to Canada through Doctor Barnardo's Institution, about forty years ago. Sister has not seen him since, and is most anxious to locate him if at all possible. Any clues or information will be appreciated. 16671 LEWISSURER, Edwin (T. d. d. y.)—About 18 years of age; missing since November, 1926; was training for sailor on the H. A. Grant, Welland, Ontario. Parents most anxious as they heard he had been drowned. Anyone knowing anything about the lad, please communicate at once. 16653

"THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM" When preparing your Will, please remember the great needs of the Salvation Army, and to enable its beneficent Mission of Mercy to continue when you have passed away. FORM OF WILL AND BEQUEST: "I GIVE, DEVISE AND BEQUEATH of the Salvation Army, Canada East Territory, the sum of \$..... or my property, known as No..... to be used and applied by them at their discretion for the general purposes of the Salvation Army in the said Territory." OR: "I bequeath to General William Bramwell Booth, or other the General for the time being in and in the name of the general purposes of the work of the Salvation Army in foreign lands, the receipt of the said William Bramwell Booth, or other the General for the time being aforesaid, the sum of \$..... to be used and applied by him at his discretion for the general purposes of the work of the Salvation Army in foreign lands. If the Testator desires the fund or the proceeds of sale of property to be used in certain work, then add the following clause: "For use in (Roussac or other) work on or by the Salvation Army." For further information apply to LIEUT.-COMMISSIONER MAXWELL, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2.

—S.K.I. Rockit.

JOY DAYS  
AT  
"JACKSON'S."  
(See page 8)

# The WAR CRY



"LUCKY  
BOYS" FOR  
CANADA.  
(See page 9)

Official Gazette of  
THE SALVATION ARMY in CANADA EAST, NEWFOUNDLAND and BERMUDA

No. 2237. Price Five Cents.

TORONTO 2, AUGUST 27th, 1927.

WILLIAM MAXWELL, Lieut.-Commissioner

"CREATE in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me."—Psa. 51:10. Have you received from God the Blessing of a Clean Heart? Or are there still remaining within you "roots of bitterness"—doubts, hatred, anger, pride, covetousness, jealousy? Let me assure you that the same God that restored unto the Psalmist the former joy of his Salvation, and gave him again a Clean Heart, can remove all such evils from your heart and life.

This is conditional, of course, upon your being willing to pay the price. If you will let go the world and all its momentary pleasures and will allow God to have His way with you, He will remove from your heart that which would cause you to take offence. When the arrows of slander or falsehood are thrown from the enemy's bow by his "sure-shot" ambassadors, God will cause them to miss their mark; for a Clean Heart possessor will find sweet liberty in not trying to please people, or to be unduly affected by their praise or malice, but in pleasing God alone.

God is searching the universe to find people with Clean Hearts, who will allow the Holy Ghost

## A CLEAN HEART God's Desire for His People

By PRO-LIEUTENANT CHESLEY PYE, New Chelsea, Newfoundland

to come in and fill them; for when the heart is clean, the Holy Ghost enters. "And God, which knoweth the hearts, bare them witness, giving them the Holy Ghost, even as He did unto us; and put no difference between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith."—Acts 15:8, 9

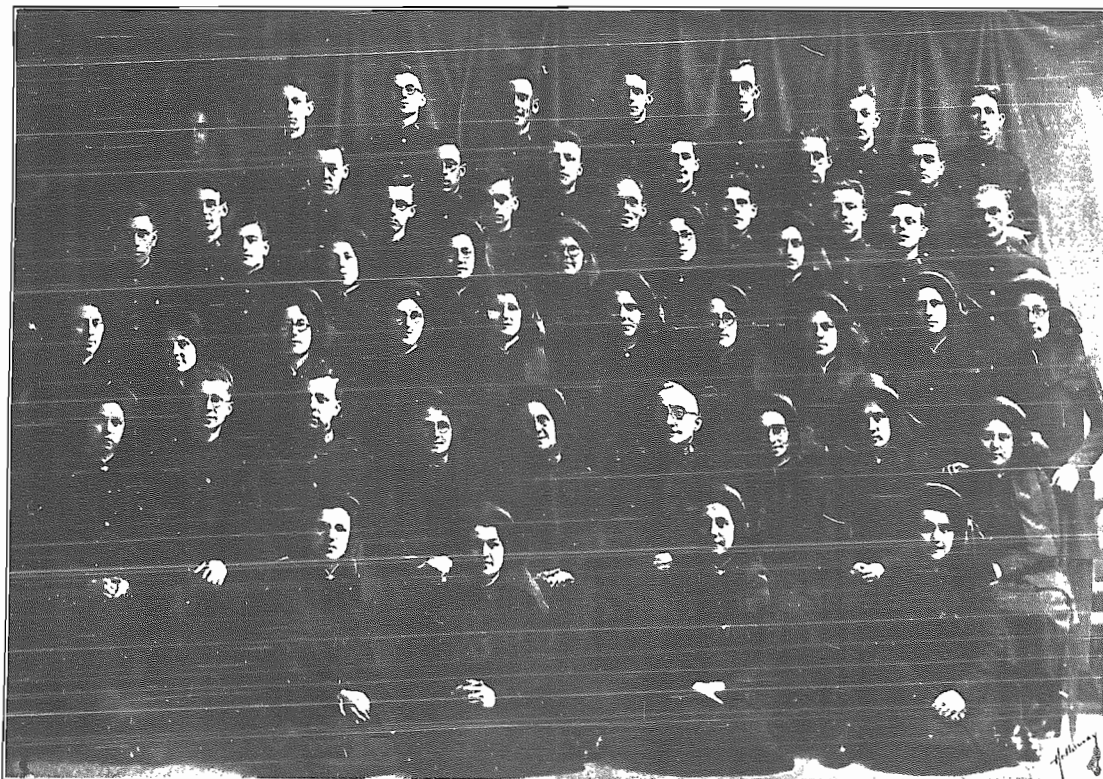
God has promised to set at rest and calm the tempest in our souls, and fill us with perfect love: "Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of Judgment: because as He is, so are we in this world."—1 John 4:17. Then shall we be able to keep the great and wonderful mandate: "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

We are called to perfect Holiness in the fear of God. "I speak after the manner of men because of the infirmity of your flesh; for as ye have yielded

your members servants to uncleanness and to iniquity unto iniquity; even so now yield your members servants to righteousness, unto holiness."—Rom. 6:19. I venture to say that there is no reader of this article who, if he were asked the question, "Are you going to Heaven when you die?" but would say, "I hope so," or "I trust so," or some words which would indicate such hope.

But admission into Heaven is conditional: "Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God."—Matt. 5:8. God wants to prepare you to be filled with this marvellous power, and so He must first cleanse you from all sin.

I know where many people are: blinded by the devil for months and years. He tries to tell people that a human being cannot get rid of the carnal mind in this life; but let the Word speak again: "He (the devil) is a liar."—John 8:44. Blessed be God, when that which blinds you to this world's sins and follies has been cut asunder, you will know it, you will have no doubt about it, and this certainty will assist you to pass over mountains of difficulties that would otherwise be impossible to negotiate.



Newfoundland's recently commissioned R.F.A. ("Ready for Anything") record Training Session, photographed with the Sub-Territorial Commander and Mrs. Moore, Major and Mrs. Tilley and Adjutant Bishop, the Training Principal